

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXXIV. }

No. 1939. — August 13, 1881.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CL. }

CONTENTS.

I. ITALY; HER HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	387
II. IN TRUST. A Story of a Lady and her Lover, Part II,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	395
III. SAMUEL PEPYS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	408
IV. COUSIN FELIX. By the author of "Miss Molly," "Delicia," etc. Conclusion,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	418
V. BESIEGED IN THE TRANSVAAL. The Defence of Standerton,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	424
VI. A SIBERIAN EXILE EIGHTY YEARS AGO,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	438
VII. M. DUFAURE,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	445
VIII. THE RETURN OF THE JEWS TO SPAIN,	<i>Le Journal des Débats,</i>	447

POETRY.

NESTLINGS,	386	NIGHTFALL,	386
THE MORNING WORLD,	386		

MISCELLANY,	448
-------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

NESTLINGS.

O LITTLE bird ! sing sweet among the leaves,
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest ;
The rain-falls, murmuring to the drooping
eaves

A low refrain, that suits thy music best.

Sing sweet, O bird ! thy recompense draws
nigh —

Four callow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing,
So many flashing wings that by and by
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, bird, sing !

(Sing, O my heart ! Thy callow nestlings
sleep,
Safe hidden 'neath a gracious folding wing,
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart,
sing !)

O little bird ! sing sweet. Though rain may
fall,
And though thy callow brood thy care require,
Behind the rain-cloud, with its trailing pall,
Shineth undimmed the gracious golden fire.
Sing on, O bird ! nor of the cloud take heed ;
For thou art heritor of glorious spring ;
And every field is sacred to thy need —
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird,
sing !

(Sing, O my heart ! sing on, though rain may
pour ;
Sing on ; for unawares the winds will bring
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing,
heart, sing !)

O bird ! sing sweet. What though the time be
near
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough,
With no sweet mate, no nestling by, to hear
The bubbling song thou sing'st to glad them
now !
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet spring
days.

In golden summer, when thy brood take wing,
Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise,
Because thy work is over ? Sing, bird, sing !

(Sing, O my heart ! What if thy birds have
flown ?
Thou hadst the joy of their awakening,
And thousand memories left thee for thine
own ;
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart,
sing !)

Chambers' Journal.

F. C. A.

THE MORNING WORLD.

HE comes down from Youth's mountain-top ;
Before him Manhood's glittering plain
Lies stretched ; vales, hamlets, towers, and
towns,
Huge cities, dim and silent downs,
Wide uncreaped fields of shining grain.

All seems a landscape fair as near ;
So easy to be crossed and won !
No mist the distant ocean hides,
And overhead majestic rides
The wondrous, never-setting sun.

Gaze on, gaze on, thou eager boy,
For earth is lovely, life is grand ;
Yet from the boundary of the plain
Thy faded eyes may turn again
Wistfully to the morning land.

How lovely then o'er wastes of toil
That long-left mountain height appears !
How soft the lights and shadows glide ;
How the rough places, glorified,
Transcend whole leagues of level years !

And standing by the sea of Death,
With anchor weighed and sails unfurled,
Blessed the man before whose eyes
The very hills of Paradise
Glow, colored like his morning world.

MRS. CRAIK.

NIGHTFALL.

LIE still, O heart !

Crush out thy vainness and unreach'd desires.
Mark how the sunset fires,
Which kindled all the west with red and gold,
Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow
Of the receding day, whose tale is told.
Stay, stay thy questionings ; what would'st
thou know,
O anxious heart ?

Soft is the air ;
And not a leaflet rustles to the ground
To break the calm around.
Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest ;
The world is full of flowers even yet.
Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest.
Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret ;
Day is for care.

Now, turn to God.

Night is too beautiful for us to cling
To selfish sorrowing.
O memory ! the grass is ever green
Above thy grave ; but we have brighter things
Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I ween.
Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath wings
To leave the sod.

The thought of night,
That comes to us like breath of primrose-time,
That comes like the sweet rhyme
Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,
And stirs the angel that is in us — night,
Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.
Hush ! for the heavens with starlets are alight.
Thank God for night !

Chambers' Journal. HARRIET KENDALL.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ITALY; HER HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

It is surprising to see how little charity there is among men; how unable or unwilling we are to make allowance for the circumstances by which our neighbors are swayed; how often we grudge common justice even though we profess exaggerated partiality.

The best-abused nations in Europe at this moment are those which the general consent and deliberate act of the European States combined to recall from political death to life—the Roumans, the Bulgarians, and other Wallach or Slavic races; but more especially the modern representatives of those two great races of antiquity—the Hellenes and the Latins. Few of us remember how harshly men's judgment had for centuries, and till very recent times, gone against those fallen people; how persistently Greeks and Italians were looked upon as "degenerate bastards; the mere dust of the noble generations on whose graves they trod; the maggots," to quote the expression of a crabbed German, "claiming descentance from the lion's carcass, out of whose putrefaction they swarmed." Few of us recollect how often it was asserted that the Turk or the Austrian was "too good for them;" how expedient it was that they should bear their yoke till, forsooth, "slavery should ripen them for self-government."

But they had not to wait so long as that; their valor or despair, their good fortune or the interested policy of the great powers, wrought out their deliverance; Greeks and Italians were allowed the free guidance of their own destinies, and forthwith our expectations transcended all limits of reason. We looked for an immediate revival of heroic races; for a reproduction of the deeds and thoughts of ancient Athens, or Sparta, or Rome; and now, because stubborn reality does not come up to our ideal, we fall back on our fathers' ungenerous views, and look upon those "half-emancipated bondsmen" as "corrupt and debased past recovery." We lament our ill-bestowed sympathies, and almost wish our work undone.

Leaving the Greeks to plead their own cause as they can, I shall venture, as an Italian, to assert that my countrymen might be entitled to a little more consideration where they so long met with so much indulgence. I shall attempt an apology of that long-enthralled nation, which seems daily to sink in the estimation of those who had perhaps too great a pity on its durance, and who also, perhaps, too hastily and too loudly applauded its release.

There are few words better deserving to be treasured up, with respect to Italy, than those which fell from Massimo d'Azeglio, when, amidst the first exultation of the meeting of an Italian Parliament in Turin, in 1860, he exclaimed,—"L'Italia è fatta, ma chi farà ora gli Italiani." D'Azeglio, both the warmest-hearted and the coolest-headed of Italian patriots, well knew by what long and painful stages freedmen must rise to the dignity of freemen. Had the emancipation of the peninsula been the result of a few years' struggle with Austria, or, if need were, with the whole world, the energies called forth by a sustained action would have brought forth a new race, as it happened in Switzerland at the rise of the Forest Cantons, or in Italy itself at the epoch of the Lombard League of the twelfth century. But the Italy of our days was not—fortunately, as some people think—sufficiently tempered by the fire of adversity. She came too easily through the ordeal of 1859; she fought but little in that year; she fought again in 1866, and not victoriously. She won by defeat. The generation of "patriots," "rebels," or "conspirators," as men may prefer to call them, who gave their blood, their homes, or their fortunes for their country's cause, is rapidly dying away, and a new set of mere "politicians" has sprung up, who seem to look upon the long trials Italy had to go through as a mere myth, and laugh to scorn the idea of a possibility of their recurrence. They do not inquire by what virtues or by what chances their country became their own; they do not expect to be called upon to produce their title deeds. It is their country, of course. "Italy for the Ital-

ians!" as good a cry as France for the French, or Denmark for the Danes. They would probably be surprised to hear that, less than thirty years ago, grave statesmen only spoke of Italy as of a "geographical expression."

This consciousness, natural to the Italians, that they have a country of their own—a country formerly the greatest and perhaps still the most beautiful—too readily suggests the notion that it should at once take rank among the strongest, and induces them to assume an attitude which is resented by their neighbors as provocative and aggressive, and which might cause some uneasiness, were it not for that unerring political instinct common to all Italians which makes them feel when they are getting into a scrape, and advises a timely retreat out of any dangerous path into which fond conceit might beguile them.

From the fact, for instance, that they have made good their claims to their country springs the corollary that they have a right to the whole of it. Hence the outcry for those "unredeemed" districts on the frontiers of the Tyrol or Istria, of the Canton Ticino, of the Maritime Alps, and the islands of Corsica and Malta, which would seem at any moment likely to involve the Italians in hostilities with Austria, Switzerland, France, and England. Hence, again, from the idea that they are a great nation, one of the "six powers," and, as such, interested in maintaining the equilibrium between the European States, arise the pretensions of the Italians, that anything that might disturb that balance, any aggrandizement by which one State might threaten to sink the scale on one side—as, for example, Austria's annexation of Bosnia, or France's *coup de main* upon Tunis—should, by way of compensation and counterpoise, justify Italy's demand for a corresponding territorial increase on the other side.

These covetous aspirations, natural and common to every family as to every individual of the human species, find an easy vent in Italy—a country where opinion has been made free even to license—in the vaporing declamations of stump ora-

tors, and in the vaunting effusions of farthing prints; but they are promptly, eagerly, and sincerely disavowed by responsible statesmen in and out of power, and hushed up by the authority of their official or semi-official organs: not because the Italians, as a people, have any doubt of the justice or reasonableness of their national claims, but because there is wisdom enough among them to understand how hopeless it is for the frog to swell himself to the size of an ox, and how little profitable to the dog to bark if he has no fangs to bite. No chauvinism in a young, thin-skinned southern community is proof against the withering blast of ridicule.

The Italians, in sober moments, are well aware that hardly any Continental state may be said to be circumscribed within what are called natural frontiers; that every kingdom or empire has within its boundary, as every landed proprietor within his ring fence, some petty *enclave* or debatable border district, some Naboth's vineyard, which gold cannot purchase and force cannot seize, without undergoing heavier sacrifices or incurring greater risks than the longed-for prize would be worth. The Italians see, wherever they look, instances of great powers, such as England, Germany, or Russia, falling back from pretensions, submitting to arbitrations, accepting compromises, and even putting up with affronts, for the sake of that peace which is a common necessity; and how could the conviction of this necessity, this amiable disposition to mutual forbearance, to timely concession, to a give-and-take policy, not be forced upon a new State, whose walls and bulwarks are barely rising, whose solidity, it must be avowed, withstood but indifferently the first trial to which it was exposed?

For, undoubtedly, at the bottom of all the uneasiness, of the jealous, exacting sensitiveness evinced by the Italians in all matters concerning their position in the European concert, there rankles the recollection of their defeats of Custoza and Lissa. Their instinct tells them that the first claim an untried nation like Italy may put forth to the consideration of her

neighbors must rest on her character as a fighting nation. She may never have an occasion to put forth her strength; she will be praised and loved for her pacific disposition; but, all the same, the world must be sure that, though she "beware of entrance to a quarrel, she will, being in, bear it that her opposer may beware of her." She must fight if need be, and not only bravely, but victoriously; for little will it avail her to blame either her soldiers or her generals, or ill-fortune for her reverses; it is only success, no matter how won, that will make her neighbors seek her as an ally or dread her as an adversary.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to persuade the Italians that they can never have a war except of their own seeking, or that a war provoked by them can never turn out to their advantage. It would be idle to repeat to them that the "barbarians," who have for so many centuries used Italy for their cockpit, have had enough of a country which has almost invariably become their cemetery. No argument could prove to the Italians' satisfaction that their only safety lies in a policy of absolute neutrality; their real strength in a military organization based on the Swiss system, which should reduce the standing army to a minimum, and muster the whole population into militia regiments and rifle companies. It is all in vain! Italy cannot be reassured on the score of her neighbors' attitude. Till they all agree on some scheme of simultaneous disarmament, Italy will go on adding cannon to cannon, man-of-war to man-of-war. Though France fought at Magenta and Solferino for the Italians, she has never concealed her desire to undo the work that those two battles accomplished—a work the result of which went so far beyond her calculations or intentions—she has never lost an opportunity of humiliating them or working them mischief. Witness her mediation at Venice, the wonders of her chassepots at Mentana, her recent campaign at Tunis. France, the Italians think, hates them with the lingering, undying hatred, not of him who received, but of him who inflicted an injury. Of course the Ital-

ians are aware that their country never could, single-handed, be a match for France. But they reckon on the chapter of accidents; they look upon war between the great powers as an inevitable and not remote contingency; and, following the traditional policy which has for so many centuries and so well answered the purposes of "plucky little Piedmont"—the policy which won for them Solferino, Sadowa, and Sedan—they trust that in the next war they may, by being well armed, still be able to sell their co-operation or inaction to the highest bidder, so as, either as auxiliaries or neutrals, to come in for a share of the gains of the chief combatants.

That such calculations are ignoble, that such a policy would be undignified, and lower their country to the position of the jackal among European lions, the Italians must readily acknowledge. But they plead necessity as their excuse. As it was said of the princes of Savoy, "*La géographie les empêche d'être honnêtes gens.*" The Italians conceive that no pacific attitude, no declaration of non-interference on their part, would ward off those calamities of invasion from which their fertile plains have so often suffered. It ought to be sufficient for Europe, they argue, that Italy will never voluntarily be the cause of an outbreak or give the signal for it. But if her good will avails not, if she must needs be dragged into the *mêlée*, it would be too much to pretend that she should suffer events to find her unprepared, unable not only to hold her own, but also to make the most of other people's necessities, or to turn their errors or their mishaps to account. Italy cannot hope to exist on mere sufferance. Her protection from attack lies on her ability, or simply on the reputation of her ability, to defend herself. Such is the argument on the Italians' side, and they clench it with their proverb, "*Colui che si fa pecora il lupo se la mangia.*"

Unfortunately, as we have seen, Italy can put but little reliance on her military reputation. Ask a French or a German general, and he will tell you that he would feel less confident of success in an encounter with a mere handful of sturdy

mountaineers of the Swiss cantons than in an inroad into Italy with her half-million combatants; and this because the Swiss have on their side the prestige of Sempach, Morgarten, Grandson, Marignano, whilst, from the days of Fornovo, in 1495, to those of Custoza, in 1866, all the battles fought by the Italians as a nation have been inglorious disasters. Not but the Italians have on many an occasion proved themselves good soldiers. Not but Spinola, Farnese, Montecuccoli, and others, have taken high rank among generals; but, somehow or other, either soldiers or generals have been at fault. There has always been something deficient in the organization or discipline of an Italian army. It was only as generals at the head of alien soldiers, or as soldiers serving under alien generals, that the Italians very frequently behaved with honor. "Conquering or vanquished, always to be enslaved," was the fate of the country.

The force that the Italians have now at their disposal is numerous, well armed and equipped; it shows to advantage on parade; it is well-behaved; a model of subordination and discipline. But the proof of an army is in the battle; and how can one answer for its conduct in the field, if it numbers very few officers and hardly any of the rank and file who have ever seen fire? The Italians take no little pride in the exploits of their troops at Palestro and San Martino; but the men engaged in these encounters were not pure Italians. One half of the Piedmontese army consisted of Savoyards, the other half chiefly of sub-Alpine mountaineers, men tempered by the nature of their rugged soil and climate, and whose bravery never belied itself in the best or worst times of their connection with the Savoy dynasty. Out of these and of their Lombard brethren, and from the whole valley of the Po between the Alps and the Apennines, recruits available for good work may always be drawn; but these were already in the minority at Custoza. The greatest number of the Italian army has to be made up of southern men, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans, available also, but not without long training and very firm discipline. Out of Piedmont, for a period of three centuries, every effort was made by Italian rulers to unstring the nerves and break the spirit of the Italian nation. Those were the days when at Naples men heard a brute of a king, himself a coward, boasting, with his "*Fuggiranno sempre*," of the cowardice of his

soldiers. The slaves of a tyrant can never be cowardly enough to reassure their master's fears. But now the times are changed. Italy has a manly race of sovereigns at her head, and every effort should be made to reawaken the manliness of a naturally soft and indolent, but not irretrievably debased population. Unfortunately, what has been attempted hitherto has met with but indifferent results. The rifle-clubs and shooting-galleries, opened with great eagerness in the towns of the peninsula on the first outburst of patriotic enthusiasm in 1859, were either closed or abandoned in most instances not many years after their inauguration. Athletic sports, walking tours, alpine climbing, boating, and riding, are diversions in which few Italians take pleasure; and, since the introduction of the Prussian system of universal enlistment, the Italians seem to think that a soldier's training need only be applied to the conscript or recruit, while in Germany and everywhere in the north it is with the schoolboy that the physical and moral discipline of the future soldier begins.

But even supposing that by proper management an Italian army could be made to reach the highest degree of efficiency, and that it had at its back, as a reserve, *Landwehr*, and *Landsturm*, the whole regenerated nation, there would always remain the question of the "sinews of war" to be settled; and the finances of the Italian kingdom have been from the beginning in so deplorable a condition, that it would be under present circumstances the height of madness to take the field, as it would require superhuman efforts to maintain it. The military establishment of Italy began to weigh as an intolerable incubus on the national exchequer at the time that the Minghetti administration borrowed three hundred million francs in one lump to make ready for the final contest with Austria in 1866. The annexation of Venetia at that juncture was considered a matter of life and death, and no sacrifice by which the means to reach that end could be procured was then deemed too enormous. But the end was compassed; Venice was won, and not much later Rome, and yet Italy went on adding year after year to her war budget, as if what had been deemed sufficient for the requirements of an active war were no longer adequate to the exigencies of an armed peace. And matters have been carried so far that, even now, when the Tunis difficulty, which threatened to lead to a quarrel

with France, was brought to an end by an arrangement in which Italy had *volens volens* to acquiesce, we hear of a popular war minister, General Mezzacapo, in the recent cabinet crisis, declining to take office, because his colleagues grudged him a sum of four hundred million francs to be laid out by instalments of ten million francs to thirty million francs yearly, necessary, in the general's opinion, to "complete the supply and equipment of the army; as more than half the cavalry are badly mounted, the batteries incomplete, and in short the army in many respects wholly unfurnished."

It would be to little purpose to assert that, madly extravagant as the military and naval establishment of Italy may be said to be, its expenditure still falls considerably short of the war and marine budgets of England, France, and other States, bearing in mind the different ratio of their respective populations. For the army of a nation should be proportionate not to the number of its inhabitants, but to the extent of its financial resources: the suit of armor should be so contrived as to protect without crushing the body that has to wear it. And Italy cannot afford to keep in her pay even an army of half the numerical strength of France or England, unless she can also muster at least half the wealth of either of those two countries. But it is quite certain that Italy does not find herself in such conditions. Italy is comparatively a poor country, and her poverty in a great measure arises not only from the extravagance, but also from the defective administration of the military and naval as well as of most other departments of the public service.

The kingdom of Italy has been in existence for more than a score of years. During this period it has received a momentous impulse in every branch of public works, in popular education, in the development of its agricultural and industrial resources; and there has been to all appearance so rapid and extensive an increase of national prosperity, that, while the public expenditure has been more than doubled, the revenue has ultimately been made to keep pace with it. This result has, however, not been obtained without a dire strain on the blood and substance of the people, from whom loud complaints arise that they have to bear burdens exceeding their powers of endurance. The Italians, indeed, seem to have survived the worst times, as, owing to the propitious circumstances of a long-continued

European peace, and a succession of abundant harvests, the well-being of the nation has been deemed so perceptible as to encourage the government to propose the abolition of the unpopular grist tax, and of the irksome circulation of the forced paper currency. But there is little expectation of a speedy removal of other taxes, as objectionable as these,—improvident taxes, falling with ruthless severity on the necessities of life, and weighing especially on the lower orders, such as the salt and tobacco monopoly, the *octroi*, or duty on consumption at the town gates; immoral taxes, tending to encourage the gambling propensities of the multitude, such as the public lottery; taxes absorbing nearly half the income of real property, such as the house tax, which in some of the towns—in Florence, for instance—amounts to 49 per cent. of the estimated rent; finally, taxes on mere expectations, as the legacy duty, which is equally exacted from an heir upon immediate succession, or upon the reversion of a legacy which may not fall due for an indefinite number of years. Add to all this a customs tariff virtually amounting to prohibition, and port duties and other navigation laws, the effect of which has been greatly to diminish both the number and tonnage of the mercantile marine.

That private fortunes should be made subservient to the interests of the public income is sufficiently clear; still we must not be unmindful of the plain rules of common sense about "the feather that breaks the camel's back," and the inexpediency of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." The results of excessive taxation in Italy are perceptible in the slow progress of public works, in the stagnation of trade and industry, but, above all things, in the cruel sufferings of the lower classes, especially among the rural population. Nowhere, perhaps, does the unmatched fertility of the soil offer a more striking contrast with the wretchedness of its cultivators than in those rich Lombard and Emilian plains, where the *pellagra*, a mysterious but horrible complaint, affecting both body and mind, is bred from the insufficient quantity or bad quality of food, from the squalor of the dwellings, the impurity of the waters; from a complication of evils all springing from the same source of abject poverty; the low wages being equally insufficient to enable a laborer to keep body and soul together in his native land, or to better his condition by quitting it. It is but

justice to inquire whether such miseries did not exist in those same regions of Italy in former times; and whether, if we hear more about them now, it is not simply because greater attention is being paid to the subject, and somewhat more earnest efforts are made to point out the evil and devise its remedy. Whether the pellagra is on the increase, or whether it abates; whether the emigration which has lately set in in vast proportions from many Italian provinces, is to be accounted gain or loss for the community, are all matters about which discussion is not easy. One ought to be thankful to the Italian government for its activity in supplying statistical information on these and other subjects, and trust to publicity and the natural progress of reason and humanity to force both the government itself and the wealthier classes to come to the relief of the helpless lower orders.

A nation which has been as long aspiring to the dignity of self-government as Italy must not only be willing to pay the costs of so great a privilege, but also be able to exercise a proper control over such expenses. It must feel that it is responsible for the management of its own affairs, and should not intrust it to incompetent or unscrupulous public servants. The Italians were called upon to exercise freemen's rights and fulfil freemen's duties upon little or no preparation. Their constitution of 1848 grew up like the prophet's gourd in one night, a mere copy of the French charter of Louis Philippe, which the revolution at that very moment was tearing to tatters. In spite of its many theoretical faults and practical inconveniences, the Italians wisely put up with it, partly because no provisions are made by the act itself for its revision, and partly also because they are aware that a constituent assembly would be in Italy as dangerous an experiment as it has almost invariably been elsewhere. The electoral law, however, is a separate enactment; it has none of the irrevocable stability of the fundamental statute. There have been frequent attempts to amend it; and the Chamber of Deputies is even now discussing a bill brought in by the government for its radical reform, and aiming at the establishment of the broadest manhood suffrage.

For a period of sixteen years after the inauguration of the first Italian Parliament, in 1860, the Italian government was in the hands of Cavour and of the statesmen of his school, Ricasoli, Sella, Minghetti, etc., the "Right," or Moder-

ate Liberal or Conservative party, who, all engrossed with the fulfilment of the country's emancipation by the deliverance of Venice and Rome, were inclined to adjourn any rash modification of mere political institutions. But in 1876, in consequence of some petty or personal questions, the Minghetti administration collapsed; and the Left or former Rattazzi party, headed by Depretis, Cairoli, Crispi, Nicotera, etc., came into power. It was an amalgam of more or less advanced democrats, some of whom, when in opposition, had committed themselves to ultra-Radical principles and measures, specious perhaps in theory, but fraught with insurmountable difficulties in their practical application. Moderate and Radical politicians in Italy both borrow their ideas from the French; and none of these ideas had struck deeper roots among the men of the Extreme Left than that of the utmost extension of the electoral franchise, and that of a revision of the penal code, aiming at the mitigation of its severity, and the eventual abolition of capital punishment. On these subjects, however, it was no easy matter for the governing party to bring about an agreement among the various sections of which it is composed; and it found it still more difficult to satisfy the ambition, or overcome the hostility of the section leaders, especially Nicotera and Crispi, by allowing them as high a place in the government as they considered themselves entitled to. The consequence was that the government of the Left, in spite of its very large majority, was from the beginning a house divided against itself; and, as such, exposed to disastrous defeats, leading to very frequent ministerial crises, in which the Cabinet almost entirely consisted of the same men, but with the alternate appearance of Depretis or Cairoli, Cairoli or Depretis, as president of the Council or prime minister. For, on the one hand, the democratic majority was always sufficiently united to stand its ground against all opposition whenever any dangers arose of a triumph of the Right likely to bring back that party into power; and, on the other hand, success in the Chambers was of no avail to the leaders of the Left, as they well knew that almost in any measure they proposed they would be forsaken by some of their discordant sections, which for this special purpose would have no scruple about turning against the government and making common cause with its adversaries.

There is thus, properly speaking, no

government in Italy, and the whole home policy of the country is in an *impasse*. It is not so much as rash and dangerous innovators that the men of the Left have hitherto been able to do mischief. The evil has rather arisen from their impotence, from their want of capacity as well as of unity of purpose. For after the death of the rather tricky than clever Rattazzi, the Radicals have always been a headless party, as all, or very nearly all, the able men of the Chamber have for the last sixteen years been sitting on the Right or Right Centre, as supporters of the Moderate government, leaving the opposite benches to mere mediocrities like Depretis, to well-meaning but inexperienced patriots like Cairoli, or to hot-headed agitators like Nicotera and Crispi. The Left during their six years' tenure of office have simply done nothing in a country where there was, and is, and will for a long time be so much to be done; a country where the administration in all its branches is still in the utmost disorder, in which crime of the most appalling frequency and atrocity is still rampant, and where, while in too many cases the police suffer the worst malefactors to elude their vigilance and baffle pursuit, the judges, with their unconscionable delays and tedious proceedings, too often doom an innocent man to languish in jail month after month, year after year, in some instances even prolonging his suspense till death comes to his relief before they vouchsafe him his trial.

Of the measures on the passing of which the men of the Left staked their existence on coming into power six years ago, only the two financial schemes already mentioned—the grist tax and the forced paper currency—are now in progress of execution. About the success of their trump-card—the electoral reform, which is now the theme of debate in the Chambers—great doubts are still entertained; and yet it is on the alleged necessity of getting at the real will of the nation that King Humbert, with honorable but somewhat exaggerated ideas of his duties as a constitutional sovereign, resisted, during the recent crisis, all suggestions about dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, putting off all appeal to the people till the present legislature is brought to its natural close, or till the question of the electoral franchise is decided. Everybody about the king, though perhaps not the king himself, well knows how little reliance can be put on the results of a general election. In a country

so new as Italy is to constitutional life, the popular vote is either unduly swayed by the ascendancy of the government functionaries, high and low, or actually hocus-pocussed and falsified by the sleight-of-hand tricks of its underhand agents. At any rate, it very seldom happens on the Continent that a majority is returned hostile to the government which manipulates the election. And it is in this respect that democrats in those southern communities have succeeded in perverting the ideas of the unthinking multitude: they contend that in their scheme of universal suffrage and the ballot lies the panacea for all electoral disorders. Some of the Conservatives, however, if they would speak out, might object that the electoral franchise, far from needing extension, ought on the contrary to be limited, at least until the electors show a better consciousness of their public duties, and are cured of that indolence or timidity by which they allow the rough and desperate to have their own way at the polls. In Italy, at all events, with a suffrage still grounded on property qualification or superior education—limited to the payers of forty francs yearly of direct taxes, and to members of the learned professions—it not unfrequently happens that the election of a “college” or constituency mustering fifteen hundred registered electors, is barely attended by one-tenth of that number. With such a disposition on the part of what is considered the *élite* of the people, what other results can be expected from manhood suffrage and secret voting than what we see in France—the reign of the multitude, which is another word for the dictatorship of a Napoleon or a Gambetta. One might well accept the *vox populi* as *vox Dei*, if the mass acted on its own impulse and not often on its worst enemies' suggestion, and if zeal for its class interests did not interfere with its sense of the public good.

By thus freely and fairly, to the best of my abilities, pointing out the shortcomings of the Italians in such experiment of an independent political life as they have up to this moment gone through, I think I have made the best case for them in what concerns the past, and set out the most encouraging prospects of what may be expected of them in the future. Twenty or even two-and-twenty years is but a short period in the existence of a nation—a brief lapse of time to efface the marks of years, to correct the stoop of the shoulders contracted by long submission to a home and foreign yoke. The Italians

are not now what they were in the palmy days of ancient Rome, or what they again became in the stirring times of mediæval Florence, Genoa, or Venice. Four centuries of priestly and princely misrule could not fail to leave on their mental and moral character an impression so deep as to seem, on a cursory view, indelible; and nothing but a miracle could at once raise them to the ideal of their too sanguine well-wishers. But the question is whether any nation, under the same circumstances, would be very much better; or whether, as it used to be said before 1860, "men of any other race of duller fibre and grosser habits would, after undergoing so demoralizing an ordeal, still preserve the features and upright bearing of human beings, and not crawl, like brutes, on all fours."

The Italians, it must be allowed, have not, during this last score of years, done the best for themselves; but surely they could have done worse; and a sufficient defence for them would be the mere enumeration of the many mistakes and misdeeds which they might not unparadoxically have committed, but from which they have wisely abstained. In their foreign policy, to begin with, they have not been free from vague aspirations and tender or even morbid susceptibilities — but they have, after all, always commanded their temper, soothed or quelled insane agitation, disavowed rash and absurd pretensions, put up with deliberate, galling provocation. They have not been that "sure guarantee of European peace" which would have become the mission assigned to them; they have not trusted to an inoffensive attitude as their best safeguard, and have followed their neighbors' bad example by arming themselves to the teeth. But the war minister who called for more cannon and gunpowder had to withdraw before the prudent vote of his colleagues in the Cabinet. The charge of a military establishment has been heavy for Italy, it must be granted; but it has not, as elsewhere, led to the prevalence of militarism; it has never subjected the country to the sudden catastrophe of a *pronunciamiento*. The evils of an armed peace, added to those of an overgrown and improvident administration, have led to financial distress, and to a ruthless taxation, exhausting the resources and all but breaking the back of the nation. But even in that respect the Italians have reached the limits beyond which recklessness cannot go; they seem now bent on retrenchment; their budget has for the last four or five years pre-

sented, if not quite a satisfactory, at least a more encouraging balance-sheet. Public confidence has risen at home and abroad, and Italian five per cents. are at ninety-three and one-fourth.

In matters of home policy, again, it must be granted that Italy has not well withstood the influence of pseudo-democratic and ultra-humanitarian Utopias. But the bill introducing universal suffrage and that abolishing capital punishment have not yet become law, and are hardly likely to pass without amendments that will take the sting from them — amendments, not only accepted, but even suggested by the Radical government, always half-hearted about the measures to which it is bound by its precedents, yet which it has for these last five years managed to postpone. Italy would, moreover, not be the first country in which measures of that nature have not been repealed by the very men by whom they were most ardently and most persistently advocated.

Finally, the Italians cannot deny the charge that they have been, in politics as in crinolines, chignons, or idiot fringes, servile imitators of French fashions, aping almost exclusively the very nation which harbors perhaps the least good will to them, and deals them the hardest snubs and slaps in the face. But they have hitherto followed their leaders at a tolerably safe distance; they have not carried French theories to their ultimate conclusions. The Italians have a ready-made "head of the State," a cornerstone of the constitution, in their loyalty to their king and dynasty. They are not by nature hero-worshippers. Since Cavour's death and Garibaldi's marriage there has been no case of transcendent genius or miraculous valor to call forth their veneration or enthusiasm. Italy supplies Napoleons and Gambettas to her neighbors, but will have none for herself. It is fortunate also that France should show so much ingenuity, and be so ready to seize every opportunity to affront the Italians, that she should become more exacting and overbearing in proportion as she, notwithstanding her great wealth, sinks in importance and loses *prestige*. It is not many years since an Italian deputy, on his visit to Madrid, "thanked Heaven that had created Spain, lest his own Italy should be the lowest in the scale of civilized nations." For what concerns government, it is questionable whether either Italy or Spain herself can find anything to envy in the condition of their Gallic sister.

A. GALLENGA.

From Fraser's Magazine.
IN TRUST.

THE STORY OF A LADY AND HER LOVER.

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

THE beeches were a beautiful clump of trees on a knoll in the middle of the park. They were renowned through the county, and one of the glories of Mount. When the family was absent—which did not happen often—picnic parties were made up to visit them. There was nothing like them in all the country round. The soil was rich and heavy round them with the shedding of their own leaves, and when the sun got in through their big branches and touched that brown carpet it shone like specks of gold. Some of the branches were like trees in themselves, and the great grey trunks like towers. One of them had been called, from time immemorial, the lover's tree. It was scrawled over with initials, some of them half a century old, or more. From the elevation on which they stood the spectator looked down upon the house lying below among its gardens, on the green terrace and the limes, and could watch what the group there was doing, while himself safe from all observation. When Douglas had informed Anne of her father's rejection of his suit, she had bidden him come to this spot to hear the issue of her own interview with Mr. Mountford. He seated himself tranquilly enough under the lover's tree to await her coming. He was not too much agitated to smoke his cigar. Indeed, he was not much agitated at all. He had no fear for the eventual issue. True, it might not come immediately. He did not know that he wanted it to come immediately. To love is one thing, to marry another. So long as he was sure of Anne, he did not mind waiting for a year or two. And he felt that he was sure of Anne, and in that case, eventually, of her father too. Consequently, he sat still and waited, pleased, in spite of himself, with the little lawlessness. To be received in the ordinary way as a son-in-law, to kiss the ladies of the house, and shake hands with the men, and be told in a trembling voice that it was the choicest treasure of the family that was being bestowed upon him, were all things which a man of courage has to go through, and does go through without flinching. But on the whole it was more delightful to have Anne steal away to him out of all commonplace surroundings, and make

him sure of her supreme and unflinching love, whatever any one might say—with, *bien entendu*, the paternal blessing in the background, to be won after a little patience. Douglas was flattered in all his wishes and fancies by this romantic beginning. He would have the good, he thought, both of the old system of love-making and the new,—Anne by herself, without any drawbacks, willing to dare any penalties for his sake; but at the end everything that was legitimate and proper—settlements and civilities. He liked it better so than if it had been necessary to wind up everything in a few months, and marry and be settled; indeed it pleased him much, being so sure as he was of all that was to follow, to have this little secret and clandestine intercourse. He liked it. To get Anne to do so much as this for him was a triumph; his vanity overflowed while he sat and waited for her, though vanity was but a small part of his character. He reached that spot so soon, that he saw the beginning of the "game," and Anne's white figure going back through the flower garden all blazing with color, to the house. What excuse had she been able to find for leaving them? She must have invented some excuse. And he saw the curate settling himself to that "game" with unspeakable amusement. He took his cigar from between his lips to laugh. Poor old Charley! his heart was broken, but he did his duty like a man. He watched him setting to his afternoon's work with Gertrude Woodhead as his partner, and laughed, feeling the full humor of the event, and enjoying the tremendous seriousness with which that sacrifice to duty was made. Then, while the game went on in the bright foreground of the picture, he saw the moving speck of that white figure re-issuing on the other side of the house, and advancing towards him, threading her way among the trees. It was for him that Anne did this, and he it was alone of all concerned who could sit here calmly puffing the blue smoke among the branches, and waiting for his happiness to come to him. Never was man more elated, more flattered, more perfectly contented with himself.

He threw the cigar away when she was within a short distance of the spot, and went to meet her with triumphant pleasure.

"My faithful Anne—my true love," he said as he met her. And Anne came to him; her eyes shining, her lips apart with eagerness. What a meeting it was!

No tame, domestic reception and hubbub of family excitement could compare with it. How glad, and flattered he felt that it was a clandestine indulgence, and that papa had not vulgarized everything by giving his consent! Then they sat down upon the knoll, arm linked in arm, and clasping each other's hands. There was the peaceful house within sight, and the party on the green terrace absorbed in their inferior amusement, in complete ignorance, not knowing what romance was going on, scarcely out of their range of vision, under the trees. All these experiences served to enhance the delight of his position. For the first few minutes he attached less importance to the words which Anne said.

"But you do not seem to understand me. My father will not consent."

"If *you* consent, my darling, what do I want more? I am not afraid of your father."

"But, Cosmo—listen! you are not really paying any attention——"

"Every attention, to the real matter in question. I am reading that in your eyes, in your hands, in you altogether. If I am too happy to take any notice of those vulgar symbols, words——"

"But they are not vulgar symbols. Yes, I am happy too. I am not afraid of anything. But, Cosmo, you must listen, and you must understand. My father refuses his consent."

"For how long?" he said with a smile. "I also should like to refuse you something for the pleasure of being persuaded to forswear myself. I think papa is right. I should hold out as long as you would put any faith in the delusion of my resistance."

"It is no delusion," said Anne, shaking her head. "You must not think so. It is very serious. He has threatened me. There was no make-believe in his mind, Cosmo."

"Threatened you? With what? Ah! so should I if I thought you were going to desert me."

"You will not see how serious it is! I do not believe he will give in, Cosmo. He has threatened me that if I persevere he will leave everything he has to leave, away from me."

"Away from you? But he has no power to do that," said the young man. "It is skilful of him to try your faithfulness—but he might have tried it by less conventional means."

"Yes, he has the power," said Anne, neglecting the other part of this speech.

"He has power over everything, except, indeed, the entail; and I believe he will do what he says. My father is not a man at all likely to try my faithfulness. He knows me, for one thing."

"And knows you true as steel," said Cosmo, looking admiringly in her face and still quite unimpressed by the news.

"Knows that I am not one to give way. He knows that very well. So here is something for your serious consideration. No, indeed, it is no joke. You must not laugh. We must face what is before us," said Anne, endeavoring to withdraw her hand and half offended by his unbelief.

"I cannot face your frown," said Cosmo, "that is the only thing I am really afraid of. What! must it really be so stern as this? But these hard fathers, my darling, belong to the fifteenth century. You don't mean to tell me that rebellious daughters are shut up in their rooms, and oaths insisted upon, and paternal curses uttered *now*!"

"I said nothing about being shut up in my room; but it is quite certain," said Anne, with a little heat, "that if I oppose him in this point my father will take all that ought to come to me and give it to Rose."

"To Rose!" a shade of dismay stole over Cosmo's face. "But I thought," he said, showing an acquaintance with the circumstances which after, when she thought of it, surprised Anne, "I thought your fortune came from your mother, not from Mr. Mountford at all."

"And so it does; but it is all in his hands; my mother trusted in my father entirely, as she was of course quite right to do."

"As it must have been the height of imprudence to permit her to do!" cried Douglas, suddenly reddening with anger. "How could the trustees be such fools! So you, like the money, are entirely in Mr. Mountford's hands?"

All at once the tone had ceased to be that of a lovers' interview. Anne, startled and offended, this time succeeded in drawing her hand out of his.

"Yes," she said, with a chill of surprise in her voice, "entirely in his hands."

What was going to follow? Under the great beechen boughs, through the warm summer sunshine there seemed all at once to breathe a wintry gale which penetrated to the heart.

This sudden cloud was dissipated in a moment by another laugh, which rang almost too loudly among the trees. "Well," he said, drawing her arm through

his again, and holding the reluctant hand clasped fast, "what of that? Because you are in his hands, Anne, my own, do you think I am going to let you slip out of mine?"

The sun grew warm again, and the air delicious as before. Two on one side, and all the world on the other, is not that a perfectly fair division? So long as there are two—if there should come to be but one, then the aspect of everything is changed. Anne's hands clasped between two bigger ones all but disappeared from view. It would be hard, very hard, to slip out of that hold; and it was a minute or two before she regained possession of what Cosmo had called the vulgarer symbols, words. Without recurrence to their aid between people who love each other, how much can be said!

"That is all very well," said Anne, at last, "but whatever we may do or say we must come back to this: my father has promised to disinherit me, Cosmo, and he will not go back from his word."

"Disinherit! the very word sounds romantic. Are we in a novel or are we not? I thought disinherit was only a word for the stage."

"But you know this is mere levity," said Anne. She smiled in spite of herself. It pleased her to the bottom of her heart that he should take it so lightly, that he should refuse to be frightened by it. "We are not boy and girl," she said, with delightful gravity of reproof. "We *must* think seriously of a thing which affects our interests so much. The question is, what is to be done?"

Had she but known how keenly under his levity he was discussing that question within himself! But he went on, still half laughing as if it were the best joke in the world.

"The only thing, so far as I can see, that is *not* to be done," he said, "is to obey papa and give me up."

"Give up—I would not give up a dog," cried Anne impetuously; "and Cosmo, you!"

"I am not a dog; and yet in one sense, in Mr. Mountford's eyes—What is it, Anne, that hedges you round with such divinity, you landed people? Mountford of Mount: it sounds very well, I confess. And why was not I Douglas of somewhere or other? It is very hard upon you, but yet it is not my fault."

"I like you infinitely better," cried Anne, with proud fervor, "that you are Douglas of nowhere, but stand upon yourself—the father of your own for-

tunes. That is the thing to be proud of—if one has ever a right to be proud of anything."

"I have not achieved much to be proud of as yet," he said, shaking his head; and then there was again a pause, perhaps not quite so ecstatic a pause, for practical necessity and the urgent call for a decision of one kind or other began to be felt, and silenced them. It was easy to say that there was one thing that was *not* to be done—but after? Then for the first time in her life Anne felt the disability of her womanhood. This tells for little so long as the relations between men and women are not in question. It is when these ties begin—and a girl, who has perhaps taken the initiative all her life, finds herself suddenly reduced to silence in face of her lover—that the bond is felt. What could she say or suggest? She had exhausted her powers when she declared with such proud emphasis that to give up was impossible. Then nature, which is above all law, stepped in and silenced her. What could she do further? It was for him to speak. The first sense of this compulsion was both sweet and painful to her—painful because her mind was overflowing with active energy and purpose which longed for utterance: sweet, as the sign and symbol of a new condition, a union more rich and strange than any individuality. Anne had hesitated little in her life, and had not known what it was to wait. Now she bent her head to the necessity in a curious maze of feeling—bewildered, happy, a little impatient, wondering and hoping, silent as she had never in all her life before been tempted to be.

As for Douglas he was silent too, with a much less delightful consciousness. In such circumstances what are the natural things for a man to say? That what his love has is nothing to him, so long as she brings him herself—that if there is only a sacrifice of money in question, no money can be allowed to stand in the way of happiness; that he has no fear, unless it might be for her; that to labor for her, to make her independent of all the fathers in the world, is his first privilege; and that the only thing to be considered is, when and how she will make his happiness complete by trusting herself to his care. These are, no doubt, the right things for a man to say, especially if they happen to be true, but even whether they are quite true or not, as his natural *rôle* requires. Then, on the other side, the woman (if she has any sense) will cer-

tainly come in and impose conditions and limit the fulness of the sacrifice; so that, what by masculine boldness of plan, and feminine caution of reversal, something reasonable and practical is at last struck out. But the caution, the repression, the prudence, ought not to be on the man's side. Nothing can be more distinct than this great law. It becomes the woman to see all the drawbacks, to hold back, and to insist upon every prudential condition, not to make herself a burden upon him or permit him to be overwhelmed by his devotion. But it is not from his side that these suggestions of prudence can be allowed to come, however strongly he may perceive them. Perhaps it is as hard upon the man, who sees all the difficulties, to be compelled to adopt this part, as it is on the woman, accustomed to lead the way, to be silent and hold back. Douglas was in this predicament, if Anne felt all the mingled penalties and privileges of the other. He must do it, or else acknowledge himself a poor creature. And Cosmo had not the slightest inclination to appear a poor creature in Anne's eyes. Yet at the same time he felt that to propose to this impetuous girl, who was capable of taking him at his word, that she should marry him at once in face of her father's menace, was madness. What was he to do? He sat silent — for more minutes than Anne's imagination approved. Her heart began to sink, a wondering pang to make itself felt in her breast, not for herself so much as for him. Was he about to fail to the emergency? to show himself unprepared to meet it? Was he, could it be possible, more concerned about the loss of the money than herself?

"Here am I in a nice predicament," he burst forth at last, "what am I to say to you? Anne — you who have been brought up to wealth, who have known nothing but luxury — what am I to say to you? Is it to be my part to bring you down to poverty, to limit your existence? I, who have no recommendation save that of loving you, which heaven knows many a better man must share with me; I, an intruder whom you did not know a year ago — an interloper —"

There are some cases in which there is no policy like the naked truth. Anne held up her hands to stop him as he went on, exclaiming softly, "Cosmo, Cosmo!" in various tones of reproach and horror. Then at last she stopped him practically, by putting one of her hands upon his mouth, an action which made her blush

all over with tender agitation, pleasure, and shame.

"How can you say such things? Cosmo! I will not hear another word."

"Am I anything but an interloper? How is any man worth calling a man to suffer you to sacrifice yourself to him, Anne?"

"I shall soon think it is you that want to throw me over," she said.

This shifted the tragic issue of the question and put him more at ease. If it could but be brought back to the general ground, on which mutual professions of fidelity would suffice and time could be gained! So far as that went, Cosmo knew very well what to say. It was only the practical result that filled him with alarm. Why had he been so hasty in declaring himself? The preliminaries of courtship may go on for years, but the moment an answer has been asked and given, some conclusion must be come to. However, it is always easy to answer a girl when she utters such words as these. He eluded the real difficulty, following her lead, and so filled up the time with lovers' talk that the hour flew by without any decision. They talked of the one subject in a hundred different tones — it was all so new, and Anne was so easily transported into that vague and beautiful fairyland where her steps were treading for the first time. And she had so much to say to him on her side; and time has wings, and can fly on some occasions though he is so slow on others. It was she who at the end of many digressions finally discovered that while they had been talking the green terrace below had become vacant, the company dispersed. She started up in alarm.

"They have all gone in. The game is over. How long we must have been sitting here! And they will be looking for me. I was obliged to say I had a headache. Indeed I had a headache," said Anne, suddenly waking to a sense of her subterfuge and hanging her head — for he had laughed — which was a failure of perception on his part and almost roused her pride to arms. But Cosmo was quick-sighted and perceived his mistake.

"Dear Anne! is this the first issue of faith to me?" he said. "What am I to do, my darling? Kill myself for having disturbed your life and made your head ache, or —"

"Do not talk nonsense, Cosmo; but I must go home."

"And we have been talking nonsense, and have come to no settlement one way

or another," he said, with a look of vexation. Naturally Anne took the blame to herself. It could only be her fault.

"The time has gone so fast," she said, with a sigh. "But, perhaps, on the whole, it is best not to settle anything. Let us take a little time to think. Is there any hurry? Nobody can separate us so long as we are faithful to each other. There is no need that I know for — any conclusion."

Poor Cosmo! there were points in which at this moment his was a hard case. He was obliged to look vexed and complain, though he was so fully convinced of the wisdom of this utterance. "You forget," he said tenderly, "that I have to go away, to return to my life of loneliness — perhaps to ask myself if Anne was only a heavenly dream, a delusion, and to find myself waking —"

"To what?" she replied, in her enthusiasm, half angry, "to what? If you have my heart with you and my thoughts, is not that the best part of me? The Anne that will be with you will be the true Anne, not the outside of her which must stay here."

"But I want the outside too. Ah, Anne, if I were to stay here, if I could live at your gate like Charley Ashley (poor fellow!). But you forget that I must go away."

"I don't forget it. When must you go?" She sank her voice a little and drew closer to him, and looked at him with a cloud rising over her face. He must go, there was no eluding that certainty, and to think of it was like thinking of dying — yet of a sweet death to be borne heroically for the sake each of each, and with a speedy bright resurrection in prospect; but it would be an extinction of all the delight of living so long as it lasted. Cosmo's mind was not so elevated as Anne's, nor his imagination so inspiring, but the look of visionary anguish and darkness went to his heart.

"I don't deserve it," he cried with a broken voice; which was very true. Then recovering himself, "It would not do for me to linger after what has passed between your father and me. It will be a terrible wrench, and without knowing when we are to meet again. Love, it must be before Saturday," he said.

They were standing close, very close together, clasping each other's hands. Two tears came into Anne's eyes, great lakes of moisture not falling, though brimming over. But she gave him such a smile as was all the sweeter reflected in

them. "By Friday, then — we must make up our minds what we are to do."

His fears and doubtfulness yielded for the moment to an impulse of real emotion. "How am I to live without you, now that I know you?" he said.

"You will not be without me, Cosmo! Did I not tell you the best of me would be with you always? Let us both think with all our might what will be best."

"I know what I shall feel to be the best, Anne." He said this with a little fervor, suddenly coming to see — as now and then a man does — by a sudden inspiration, entirely contrary to his judgment, what would be his only salvation. This answered his purpose far better than any cleverness he could have invented. She shook her head.

"We must not insist on choosing the happiest way," she said. "We must wait — in every way, I feel sure that to wait is the only thing we can do."

"Certainly not the happiest," he said, with emphasis. "There is no reason because of that interview with your father why I should not come to say good-bye. I will come on Friday publicly; but to-morrow, Anne, to-morrow, here —"

She gave him her promise without hesitation. There had been no pledge against seeing him asked or given, and it was indispensable that they should settle their plans. And then they parted, he, in the agitation and contagious enthusiasm of the moment, drawn closer to the girl whom he loved, but did not understand, nearer knowing her than he had ever been before. The impulse kept him up as on borrowed wings as far as the enclosure of the park. Then Cosmo Douglas dropped down to earth, ceased to reflect Anne Mountford, and became himself. She on wings which were her own, and borrowed from no one — wings of pure visionary passion, devotion, faith — skimmed through the light air homeward, her heart wrung, her sweet imagination full of visions, her courage and constancy strong as for life or death.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLANATIONS.

It is an awkward and a painful thing to quarrel with a friend when he is staying under your roof; though in that case it will no doubt make a breach, and he will go away, which will relieve you, even if you regret it afterwards. But if there is no quarrel, yet you find out suddenly that you have a grievance — a grievance pro-

found and bitter, but not permitting of explanation — the state of affairs is more painful still, especially if the friend is thrown into your special society, and not taken from you by the general courtesies of the house. It was in this unfortunate position that the young men at the rectory found themselves on the evening that followed. There was nobody in the house to diminish the pressure. Mrs. Ashley had died some years before, and the rector, at that time left much alone, as both his sons were absent at school and university, had fallen into the natural unsocial habits of a solitary. He had been obliged to make life bearable for himself by perpetual reading, and now he could do little but read. He was very attentive to his duty, visiting his sick parishioners with the regularity of clock-work, and not much more warmth; but when he came in he went to his study, and even at table would furtively bring a book with him, to be gone on with if the occasion served. Charley and Willie were resigned enough to this shutting out of their father from the ordinary social intercourse. It liberated them from the curb imposed by his grave looks and silence. He had always been a silent man. Now that he had not his wife to speak to, utterance was a trouble to him. And even his meals were a trouble to Mr. Ashley. He would have liked his tray brought into his study among his books, which was the doleful habit he had fallen into when he was left to eat the bread of tears alone. He gave up this gratification when the boys were at home, but it cost him something. And he painfully refrained even from a book when there were visitors, and now and then during the course of a meal would make a solemn remark to them. He was punctilious altogether about strangers, keeping a somewhat dismal watch to see that they were not neglected. This it was which had brought him out of his study when he saw Douglas alone upon the lawn. "In your mother's time," he would say, "this was considered a pleasant house to stay at. I have given up asking people on my own account; but when you have friends I insist upon attention being paid them." This made the curate's position doubly irksome; he had to entertain the stranger who was his own friend, yet had, he felt, betrayed him. There was nothing to take Douglas even for an hour off his hands. Willie, as the spectator and sympathizer, was even more indignant than his brother, and disposed to show his indignation; and the curate had to satisfy his father,

and soothe Willie, and go through a semblance of intimate intercourse with his friend all at the same time. His heart was very heavy; and, at the best of times, his conversation was not of a lively description; nor had he the power of throwing off his troubles. The friend who had proved a traitor to him had been his leader, the first fiddle, in every orchestra where Charley Ashley had produced his solemn bass. All this made the state of affairs more intolerable. In the evening what could they do? They had to smoke together in the little den apportioned to this occupation, which the rector himself detested; for it rained, to wind up all those miseries. As long as it was fine, talk could be eluded by strolling about the garden; but in a little room, twelve feet by eight, with their pipes lit and everything calculated to make the contrasts of the broken friendship seem stronger, what could be done? The three young men sat solemnly, each in a corner, puffing forth clouds of serious smoke. Willie had got a *Graphic*, and was turning it over, pretending to look at the pictures. Charley sat at the open window, with his elbow leaning upon the sill, gazing out into the blackness of the rain. As for Douglas, he tilted his chair back on its hind legs, and looked just as usual — a smile even hovered about his mouth. He was the offender, but there was no sense of guilt in his mind. The cloud which had fallen on their relationship amused him instead of vexing him. It wrapped Charley Ashley into the profoundest gloom, who was innocent; but it rather exhilarated the culprit. Ten minutes had passed, and not a word had been said, which was terrible to the sons of the house, but agreeable enough to their guest. He had so much to think of; and what talk could be so pleasant as his own thoughts? certainly not poor Ashley's prosy talk. He swayed himself backward now and then on his chair, and played a tune with his fingers on the table; and a smile hovered about his mouth. He had passed another hour under the beeches before the rain came on, and everything had been settled to his satisfaction. He had not required to make any bold proposal, and yet he had been argued with and sweetly persuaded as if he had suggested the rashest instantaneous action. He could not but feel that he had managed this very cleverly, and he was pleased with himself, and happy. He did not want to talk; he had Anne to think about, and all her tender confidences, and

her looks and ways altogether. She was a girl whose love any man might have been proud of. And no doubt the father's opposition would wear away. He saw no reason to be uneasy about the issue. In these days there is but one way in which such a thing can end, if the young people hold out. And with a smile of happy assurance, he said to himself that Anne would hold out. She was not a girl that was likely to change.

Some trifling circumstance here attracted Cosmo's attention to the very absurd, as he said to himself, aspect of affairs. A big moth, tumbling in out of the rain, flew straight at the candle, almost knocked the light out, burned off its wings, poor imbecile, and fell with a heavy thud, scorched and helpless, upon the floor. The curate, whose life was spent on summer evenings in a perpetual crusade against those self-destroying insects, was not even roused from his gloom by this brief but rapidly concluded tragedy. He turned half round, gave a kind of groan by way of remark, and turned again to his gloomy gaze into the rain. Upon this an impulse, almost of laughter, seized Douglas in spite of himself. "Charley, old fellow, what are you so grumpy about?" he said.

This observation from the culprit, whom they were both trying their best not to fall upon and slay, was as a thunderbolt falling between the two brothers. The curate turned his pale countenance round with a look of astonishment. But Willie jumped up from his chair. "I can't stand this," he said, "any longer. Why should one be so frightened of the rain? I don't know what you other fellows mean to do, but I am going out."

"And we are going to have it out," said Cosmo, as the other hurried away. He touched the foot of the curate, who had resumed his former attitude, with his own. "Look here, Charley, don't treat me like this; what have I done?" he said.

"Done? I don't know what you mean. Nothing," said the curate, turning his head round once more, but still with his eyes fixed on the rain.

"Come in, then, and put it into words. You should not condemn the greatest criminal without a hearing. You think somehow — why shouldn't you own it? It shows in every look — you think I have stood in your way."

"No," said Ashley again. His underlip went out with a dogged resistance, his big eyelids drooped. "I haven't got

much of a way — the parish, that's about all — I don't see how *you* could do me any damage there."

"Why are you so bitter, Charley? If you had ever taken me into your confidence you may be sure I would never have gone against you — whatever it might have cost me."

"I should like to know what you are talking about," the other said, diving his hands into the depths of his pockets, and turning to the rain once more.

"Would you? I don't think it; and it's no good naming names. Look here. Will you believe me if I say I never meant to interfere? I never found out what was in your mind till it was too late."

"I don't know that there is anything in my mind," Charley said. He was holding out with all his might; but the fibres of his heart were giving way, and the ice melting. To be sure, how should any one have found out? had it not been hidden away at the very bottom of his heart? Anne had never suspected it, how should Cosmo? He would not even turn his head to speak; but he was going, going! he felt it, and Douglas saw it. The offender got up, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his wounded friend.

"I'd rather have cut off my hand, or tugged out my heart, than wound you, Charley; but I never knew till it was too late."

All this, perhaps, was not quite true: but it was true — enough. Douglas did not want to quarrel; he liked his faithful old retainer. A bird in the hand — that is always worth something, though perhaps not so much as is the worth of the two who are in the bush; and he is a foolish man who will turn away the certain advantage of friendship for the chance of love; anyhow, the address went entirely into the simple, if wounded, heart.

"I didn't mean to show I was vexed. I don't know that I'm vexed — a man is not always in the same disposition," he said, but his voice was changing. Douglas patted him on the shoulder, and went back to his seat.

"You needn't envy me — much," said Douglas. "We don't know what's to come of it; the father won't hear of me. He would have had nothing to say to you either, and think what a rumpus it would have made in the parish. And there's the rector to think of. Charley —"

"Perhaps you are right," Charley said, with a great heave of his shoulders. His

pipe had gone out. As he spoke, he got up slowly, and came to the table to look for the matches. Cosmo lighted one, and held it out to him, looking on with interest while the solemn process of rekindling was gone through. Charley's face, lighted by the fitful flame as he puffed, was still as solemn as if it had been a question of life and death; and Cosmo, looking on, kept his gravity too. When this act was accomplished, the curate in silence gripped his friend's hand, and thus peace was made. Poor faithful soul; his heart was still as heavy as lead—but pain was possible, though strife was not possible. A load was taken off his honest breast.

"I've seen it coming," he said, puffing harder than was needful. "I oughtn't to have felt it so much. After all, why should I grumble? I never could have been the man."

"You are a far better fellow than I am," cried the other, with a little burst of real feeling. Charley puffed and puffed, with much exertion. The red gleam of the pipe got reflected under his shaggy eyebrows in something liquid. Then he burst into an unsteady laugh.

"You might as well fire a damp haystack as light a pipe that's gone out," was the next sentimental remark he made.

"Have a cigar?" said Cosmo tenderly, producing a case out of his pocket, with eager benevolence. And thus their peace was made. Anne's name was not mentioned, neither was there anything said but these vague allusions to the state of affairs generally. Of all things in the world sentimental explanations are most foreign to the intercourse of young Englishmen with each other. But when Willie Ashley returned, very wet, and with an incipient cold in his head from the impatient flight he had made, he was punished for his cowardly abandonment of an unpleasant position by finding his brother with the old bonds refitted upon him, completely restored to his old devotion and subjection to Cosmo. Willie retired to bed soon after, kicking off his boots with an energy which was full of wrath. "The fool," he said to himself; while the reconciled pair carried on their tobacco and their reunion till far in the night. They were not conversational, however, though they were reconciled. Conversation was not necessary to the curate's view of social happiness, and Cosmo was glad enough to go back upon his own thoughts.

While this was going on at the rectory, Anne for her part was submitting to a still more severe course of interrogation. Mrs. Mountford had discussed the question with herself at some length, whether she should take any notice or not of the domestic convulsion which had occurred under her very eye without having been brought openly to her cognisance. Her husband had of course told her all about it; but Anne had not said anything—had neither consulted her stepmother nor sought her sympathy. After a while, however, Mrs. Mountford sensibly decided that to ignore a matter of such importance, or to make believe that she was not acquainted with it, would be equally absurd. Accordingly she arranged that Rose should be sent for after dinner to have a dress tried on; which was done, to that young lady's great annoyance and wrath. But Mrs. Worth, Mrs. Mountford's maid, was not a person who could be defied with impunity. She was the goddess Fashion, *La Mode* impersonified at Mount. Under her orders she had a niece, who served as maid to Anne and Rose; and these two together made the dresses of the family. It was a great economy, Mrs. Mountford said, and all the county knew how completely successful it was. But to the girls it was a trouble, if an advantage. Mrs. Worth studied their figures, their complexions, and what she called their "hideous-incrasies"—but she did not study the hours that were convenient for them, or make allowance for their other occupations. And she was a tyrant, if a beneficent one. So Rose had to go, however loth. Lady Meadowlands was about to give a *fête*, a great garden party, at which all "the best people" were to be assembled. And a new dress was absolutely necessary. "Wouldn't it do in the morning?" she pleaded. But Mrs. Worth was inexorable. And so it happened that her mother had a quiet half-hour in which to interrogate Anne.

The drawing-room was on the side of the house overlooking the flower-garden; the windows, a great row of them, flush with the wall outside and so possessing each a little recess of its own within, were all open, admitting more damp than air, and a chilly freshness and smell of the earth instead of the scents of the mignonne. There were two lamps at different ends of the room, which did not light it very well; but Mrs. Mountford was economical. Anne had lit the candles on

the writing-table for her own use, and she was a long way off the sofa on which her stepmother sat, with her usual tidy basket of neatly arranged wools beside her. A little time passed in unbroken quiet, disturbed by nothing but the soft steady downfall of the rain through the great open space outside, and the more distant sound of pattering upon the trees. When Mrs. Mountford said "Anne," her stepdaughter did not hear her at first. But there was a slight infraction of the air, and she knew that something had been said.

"Did you speak, mamma?"

"I want to speak to you, Anne. Yes, I think I did say your name. Would you mind coming here for a little? I want to say something to you while Rose is away."

Anne divined at once what it must be. And she was not unreasonable — it was right that Mrs. Mountford should know: how could she help but know, being the wife of one of the people most concerned? And the thing which Anne chiefly objected to was that her stepmother knew everything about her by a sort of back way, thus arriving at a clandestine knowledge not honestly gained. It was not the stepmother that was to blame, but the father and fate. She rose and went forward slowly through the partial light — reluctant to be questioned, yet not denying that to ask was Mrs. Mountford's right.

"I sent her away on purpose, Anne. She is too young. I don't want her to know any more than can be helped. My dear, I was very sorry to hear from your father that you had got into that kind of trouble so soon."

"I don't think I have got into any trouble," said Anne.

"No, of course I suppose *you* don't think so; but I have more experience than you have, and I am sorry your mind should have been disturbed so soon."

"Do you call it so very soon?" said Anne. "I am twenty-one."

"So you are; I forgot. Well! but it is always too soon when it is not suitable, my dear."

"It remains to be seen whether it is not suitable, mamma."

"My love! do you think so little of your father's opinion? That ought to count above everything else, Anne. A gentleman is far better able to form an opinion of another gentleman than we are. Mr. Douglas, I allow, is good-looking and

well-bred. I liked him well enough myself; but that is not all — you must acknowledge that is not half enough."

"My father seems to want a great deal less," said Anne; "all that he asks is about his family and his money."

"Most important particulars, Anne, however romantic you may be; you must see that."

"I am not romantic," said Anne, growing red, and resenting the imputation, as was natural; "and I do not deny they are important details; but not surely to be considered first as the only things worth caring for — which is what my father does."

"What do you consider the things worth caring for, dear? Be reasonable. Looks?" said Mrs. Mountford, laying down her work upon her lap with a benevolent smile. "Oh, Anne, my dear child, at your age we are always told that beauty is skin deep, but we never believe it. And I am not one that would say very much in that respect. I like handsome people myself — but dear, dear, as life goes on, if you have nothing but looks to trust to —"

"I assure you," said Anne vehemently, succeeding after two or three attempts to break in, "I should despise myself if I thought that beauty was anything. It is almost as bad as money. Neither the one nor the other is yourself."

"Oh, I would not go so far as that," said Mrs. Mountford, with indulgence. "Beauty is a great deal in my opinion, though perhaps it is gentlemen that think most about it. But, my dear Anne, you are a girl that has always thought of duty. I will do you the justice to say that. You may have liked your own way, but even to me, that have not the first claim upon you, you have always been very good. I hope you are not going to be rebellious now. You must remember that your father's judgment is far more mature than yours. He knows the world. He knows what men are."

"So long as he does not know — one thing," said Anne indignantly, "what can all that other information matter to me?"

"And what is the one thing, dear?" Mrs. Mountford said.

Anne did not immediately reply. She went to the nearest window and closed it, for sheer necessity of doing something; then lingered, looking out upon the rain and the darkness of the night.

"Thank you, that is quite right," said her stepmother. "I did not know that

window was open. How damp it is, and how it rains. Anne, what is the one thing? Perhaps I might be of some use if you would tell me. What is it your father does not know?"

"Me," said Anne, coming slowly back to the light. Her slight, white figure had the pose of a tall lily, so light, so firm, that its very fragility looked like strength. And her face was full of the constancy upon which, perhaps, she prided herself a little—the loyalty that would not give up a dog, as she had said. Mrs. Mountford called it obstinacy, of course. "But what does that matter," she added, with some vehemence, "when in every particular we are at variance? I do not think as he does in anything. What he prizes I do not care for—and what I prize —"

"My dear, it is your father you are speaking of. Of course he must know better than a young girl like you —"

"Mamma, it is not his happiness that is involved—it is mine! and I am not such a young girl—I am of age. How can he judge for me in what is to be the chief thing in my life?"

"Anne," said Mrs. Mountford kindly, "this young man is almost a stranger to you—you had never seen him a year ago. Is it really true, and are you quite sure that this involves the happiness of your life?"

Anne made no reply. How otherwise? she said indignantly in her heart. Was she a girl to deceive herself in such a matter—was she one to make protestations? She held her head highly, erecting her white throat more like a lily than ever. But she said nothing. What was there to say? She could not speak or tell any one but herself what Cosmo was to her. The sensitive blood was ready to mount into her cheeks at the mere breathing of his name.

Mrs. Mountford shook her head. "Oh, foolish children," she said, "you are all the same. Don't think you are the only one, Anne. When you are as old as I am you will have learned that a father's opinion is worth taking, and that your own is not so infallible after all."

"I suppose," said Anne softly, "you are twice my age, mamma—that would be a long time to wait to see which of us was right."

"I am more than twice your age," said Mrs. Mountford, with a little heat; then suddenly changing her tone, "Well! so this is the new fashion we have been hearing so much of. Turn round slowly that I may see if it suits you, Rose."

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD-BYE.

NEXT day was one of those crowning days of summer which seem the climax, and at the same time the conclusion, of the perfect year. From morning till night there was no shadow upon it, no threatening of a cloud, no breath of unfriendly air. The flowers in the Mount gardens blazed from the level beds in their framework of greenness, the great masses of summer foliage stood out against the soft yet brilliant sky; every outline was round and distinct, detaching itself in ever varying lines, one curve upon another. Had the weather been less perfect their distinctness would have been excessive and marred the unity of the landscape, but the softness of the summer air harmonized everything in sight and sound alike. The voices on the terrace mingled in subtle, musical tones and intervals; and, though every branch of the foliage was perfect in itself, yet all were melodiously mingled, and belonged to each other. On the seashore and among the hills distance seemed annihilated, and every outline pressed upon the eye, too bright, too near for pleasure, alarming the weatherwise. But here so warmly inland, in a landscape so wealthy and so soft, the atmosphere did not exaggerate, it only brightened. It was the end of August, and changes were preparing among the elements. Next day it might be autumn with a frost-touch somewhere, the first yellow leaf; but to-day it was full summer, a meridian more rich than that of June, yet still meridian, full noon of the seasons.

Il nous reste un gâteau de fête;

Demain nous aurons du pain noir:

Anne woke up this heavenly morning saying these words to herself. It had rained half the night through, and the morning had risen pale, exhausted as with all this weeping, but after a while had thought better of it, and sworn to have, ere summer ended, one other resplendent day. Then the sun had got up to his work like a bridegroom, eternal image, in a flush of sacred pride and joy. People said to each other, "What a lovely day!" Though it had been a fine summer, and the harvest had been got in with the help of many a lusty morning and blazing afternoon, yet there was something in this that touched the general heart: perhaps because it was after the rain, perhaps because something in the air told that it was the last, that nature had surpassed herself, and after this

was capable of nothing further. As a matter of fact nobody could do anything for the delight of the exquisite morning. First one girl stole out, and then another, through the garden, upon which the morning sun was shining; then Mrs. Mountford sailed forth under the shelter of her parasol. Even she, though she was half ashamed of herself, being plump, had put on, dazzled by the morning, a white gown. "Though I am too old for white," she said with a sigh. "Not too old, but a little too stout, 'm," said Mrs. Worth, with that ferocious frankness which we have all to submit to from our maids. None of the three reappeared again till the luncheon bell rang, so demoralized were they. Anne, if truth must be told, went towards the beeches: "Il nous reste un gâteau de fête," she sang to herself under her breath, "Demain nous aurons du pain noir."

The same thing happened at the rectory: even the rector himself came out, wandering, by way of excusing himself for the idleness, about the flower-beds. "The bedding-out plants have done very well this year," he said; but he was not thinking of the bedding-out plants any more than the young men were thinking of their cigars. In their minds there was that same sense of the one bit of cake remaining to eat which was in Anne's song. Charley, who had not the cake, but was only to stand by and assist while his friend eat it, was sympathetically excited, yet felt a little forlorn satisfaction in the approaching resumption of the *pain noir*. He was never to get anything better, it appeared; but it would be pleasanter fare when the munching of the *gâteau* was over; and Douglas stole off to consume that last morsel when the curate, reluctantly, out of the sweetness of the morning, went off to his schools. Under the beeches the day was like a fresh bit out of Paradise. If Adam and Eve are only a fable, as the scientific gentlemen say, what a poet Moses was! Eden has never gone out of fashion to this day. The two under the trees, but for her muslin and his tweed, were, over again, the primeval pair — and perhaps the serpent was about too; but neither Eve had seen it, nor Adam prepared that everlasting plea of self-defence which has been handed down through all his sons. This was how the charmed hours stole on, and the perfections of summer passed through the perfection of noon; so many perfections touching each other! a perfect orb of loveliness and happiness, with that added

grace which makes perfection more perfect, the sense of incompleteness — the human crown of hope. All the time they were thinking of the something better, something sweeter, that was to come. "Will there ever be such another perfect day?" she said, in a wonder at the new-discovered bliss with which she was surrounded. "Yes, the next," he said, "on which we shall not have to part." To be sure: then was the parting; without that conclusion, perhaps, this hour would not have been so exquisite: but it was still some hours off, thank heaven!

After luncheon the chairs were carried out to the green terrace where the shadow of the limes fell. The limes got in the way of the sun almost as soon as he began to descend, and threw the most delicious dancing of shadow over the grass — a shadow that was quite effectual, and kept the lawn as cool as in the middle of a forest, but which was in itself a lovely living thing, in soft perpetual motion, every little twig and green silken leaf contributing its particular canopy, and flinging down a succession of little bobs and curtsies with every breath of air that blew. "Everybody will be out to-day, and I dare say we shall have a great many visitors. Tell Saymore he may bring out the big table," said Mrs. Mountford. She liked to feel that her house was the chief house in the neighborhood, and that everybody came. Mrs. Mountford had regretfully relinquished by this time her white gown. We all cling to our white gowns, but when you are stout, it must be acknowledged the experiment is rash. She had not been able to get Mrs. Worth's candid criticism out of her mind all the morning. "Do I look very stout, Rose?" she had said, in an unconsciously ingratiating tone. And Rose was still more entirely impartial than Worth. She threw a careless glance at her mother. "You do look fat, mamma!" she said. It was hard upon the poor lady; she changed it, with a sigh, for her darkest silk. "Not black, Worth," she said faintly. "If I had my way, 'm," said Worth, "I'd dress you always in black. There is nothing like it when one gets to a certain time of life." It was under the influence of this sobering *douche* that Mrs. Mountford came out again, accompanied by Saymore with her workbasket. It was put down upon the table, a dazzling bit of color. "But I really don't feel inclined to work. It is too fine to work," Mrs. Mountford said. "What is that you are singing forever, Anne? I have heard you at it all day."

Il nous reste un gâteau de fête;
Demain nous aurons du pain noir.

Anne sang without changing color, though her heart was beating; she had become too breathless for conversation. When would he come for the farewell, and what would her father say? Would he hear of it and come out? What was to happen? She sat very still in her basket chair, with all the lime leaves waving over her, letting in stray gleams of sunshine that ornamented her as with lines of jewels here and there.

Then, after an interval, two dark figures were seen upon the whiteness and unsheltered light of the road through the park. "There are the Ashley boys," said Rose. "Anne, you will be obliged to play to-day."

"The Ashley boys! Now that Charley is ordained, you should speak with more respect," said Mrs. Mountford. Anne looked up and her heart seemed to stand still — only two of them! But she soon satisfied herself that it was not Cosmo that was the defaulter; she sat, not saying anything, scarcely daring to breathe. The moment had come.

Willie Ashley had not regarded with much satisfaction the reconciliation which he found to his great amazement had taken place while he was out in the rain. Indeed the attitude of his mind had been nothing less than one of disgust, and when he found next day that Douglas was setting out arm-in-arm with the curate, and almost more confidential than before, to walk to Mount, his impatience rose to such a point that he flung off altogether. "Two may be company, but three is none," he said to his brother. "I thought you had a little more spirit; I'm not going to Mount: if you can see yourself cut out like that, I can't. I'll walk up as far as the Woodheads'; I dare say they'll be very glad to get up a game there." This was how there were only two figures on the road. They were very confidential, and perhaps the curate was supported more than he himself was aware by the certainty that his friend was going away that night. Henceforward the field would be clear. It was not that he had any hope of supplanting Cosmo in his turn, as he had been supplanted; but still to have him away would be something. The black bread is wholesome fare enough when there is not some insolent happiness in the foreground insisting upon devouring before you its hunches of cake.

"I declare," said Mrs. Mountford,

"there is that Mr. Douglas with Charley Ashley! What am I to do? I am sure it is not Willie — he is taller and bigger and has a different appearance altogether. You cannot expect me, Anne, to meet any one whom papa disapproves. What shall I do? Run, Rose, and tell Saymore; but of course Charley will not knock at the door like an ordinary visitor — he will come straight here. I have always thought these intrusions should not have been permitted. They will come straight here, though they know he has been sent away and forbidden the house."

"He has never been forbidden the house," cried Anne indignantly. "I hope, mamma, you will not be so uncivil as to refuse to say good-bye to Mr. Douglas. He is going away."

"Forbidden the house!" cried Rose, her eyes opening up like two great O's. "Then it is true!"

"You had better go away at least, if I must stay," said Mrs. Mountford in despair. "Rosie, run in-doors and stay in the drawing-room till he is gone. It would be in far better taste, Anne, and more dutiful, if you were to go too."

Anne did not say a word, partly, no doubt, in determined resistance, but partly because just then her voice had failed her; the light was swimming in her eyes, and the air seemed to be full of pairs of dark figures approaching from every different way.

"Run in-doors! why should I?" said Rose. "He can't do any harm to me; besides I rather like Mr. Douglas. Why shouldn't he come and say good-bye? It would be very uncivil of him if he didn't, after being so much here."

"That is just what I am always saying; you have them constantly here and then you are surprised when things happen," cried Mrs. Mountford, wringing her hands. "Anne, if you have any feeling you ought to take your sister away."

Rose's eyes grew rounder and rounder. "Was it *me* he was in love with, then?" she asked, not without reason. But by this time it was too late for any one to run away, as the young men were already making their way across the flower-garden, and could see every movement the ladies made.

"Sit down, sit down, if it must be so," said Mrs. Mountford, "and for heaven's sake let us have no scene; look at least as if it were a common call and meant nothing — that is the only thing to do now. How d'ye do, how d'ye do, Charley," she said, waving her hand in

friendly salutation; "was there ever such a lovely day? Come and sit down; it is too fine for a game. Is that Mr. Douglas you have with you? I was quite blinded with the sun this morning, I can't get it out of my eyes. How do you do?—you will excuse my looking surprised, I thought I heard that you had gone away."

"Not yet," he said; "I hope you did not think me so little grateful for all your kindness as not to make my acknowledgments before leaving the parish. I have lingered longer than I ought to have done, but every happiness must come to an end, and I am bound for Beeton this afternoon to catch the Scotch mail to-night."

Mrs. Mountford made him a little bow, by way of showing that her interest in this was no more than politeness demanded, and returned to the curate, to whom she was not generally so gracious. "I hope your father is well," she said: "and Willie, where is Willie? It is not often he fails. When we saw you crossing the park just now I made sure it was Willie that was with you. I suppose we shall not have him much longer. He should not disappoint his friends like this."

"I fear," said Douglas ("thrusting himself in again; so ill-bred, when he could see I meant to snub him," Mrs. Mountford said), "that Willie's absence is my fault. He likes to have his brother to himself, and I don't blame him. However, I am so soon to leave the coast clear! If anything could have made it more hard to turn one's back upon Mount it would be leaving it on such a day. Fancy going from this paradise of warmth and sunshine to the cold north."

"To Scotland?" cried Rose; "that's just what I should like to do. You may call this paradise if you like, but it's dull. Paradise would be dull always, don't you think, with nothing happening. To be sure there's Lady Meadowlands' *fiŕe*; but one knows exactly what that will be—at least, almost exactly," Rose added, brightening a little, and feeling that a little opening was left for fate.

"Let us hope it will be as different as possible from what you expect. I have known garden parties turn out so that one was not in the least like another," said Douglas smilingly, accepting the transfer to Rose which Mrs. Mountford's too apparent snub made necessary. Anne, for her part, did not say a word; she sat quite still in the low basket chair, scarcely venturing to look up, listening to the

tones of his voice and the smile which seemed to pervade his words with that strange, half-stunned, half-happy sensation which precedes a parting. Yes, it was happiness still to feel him there, and recognize every distinctive sound of the voice which had awoken her heart. Was there no way of stopping this flying moment, arresting it, so that it should last, or coming to an end in it, which is the suggested sentiment of all perfection? She sat as in a dream, longing to make it last, yet impatient that it should be over; wondering how it was to end, and whether any words more important than these might pass between them still. They had taken farewell of each other under the beeches. This postscript was almost more than could be borne—intolerable, yet sweet. The voices went on, while the scene turned round and round with Anne, the background of the flowers confusing her eyes, and the excitement mounting to her head. At last, before they had been a moment there, she thought—though it was half an hour—the dark figures had risen up again and hands were being held out. Then she felt her dress twitched, and "Let us walk to the end of the garden with them," said Rose. This made a little commotion, and Anne in her dream felt Mrs. Mountford's expostulation—"Girls!" in a horrified undertone, "what can you be thinking of? Rosie, are you crazy? ANNE!"

This last was almost in a shriek of excitement. But Rose was far too much used to her own way to pay any attention. "Come along," she said, linking her fingers in her sister's. Anne, who was the leader in everything, followed for the first time in her life.

The garden was sweet with all manner of autumn flowers, banks of mignonette and heliotrope perfuming the air, and red geraniums blazing in the sunshine—all artificial in their formal beds, just as this intercourse was artificial, restrained by the presence of spectators and the character of the scene. By-and-by, however, Rose untwined her hand from her sister's. "There is no room to walk so many abreast; go on with Mr. Douglas, Anne; I have something to say to Charley," the girl cried. She was curious, tingling to her fingers' ends with a desire to know all about it. She turned her round eyes upon Charley with an exciting look of interrogation as soon as the other pair had gone on before. Poor Ashley had drooped his big head; he would have turned his back if he could to give them the benefit

of this last moment, but he felt that he could not be expected not to feel it. And as for satisfying the curiosity of this inquisitive imp, whose eyes grew bigger and bigger every moment! he dropped his nice brown beard upon his bosom, and sighed and slightly shook his head. "Tell me what it means, or I'll tell mamma you're helping them," whispered Rose. "Can't you see what it means?" said the curate, with a glance, she thought, of contempt. What did she know about it? A blush of humiliation at her own ignorance flew over Rose.

"I owe your little sister something for this," said Douglas, under his breath. "Once more we two against the world, Anne!"

"Not against the world; everything helps us, Cosmo. I did not think I could even venture to look at you, and now we can say good-bye again."

His fingers twined into hers among the folds of her gown, as Rose's had done a minute before. They could say good-bye again, but they had no words. They moved along together slowly, not walking that they knew of, carried softly as by a wave of supreme emotion; then, after another moment, Anne felt the landscape slowly settling, the earth and the sky getting back into their places, and she herself coming down by slow gyrations to earth again. She was standing still at the corner of the garden, with once more two dark figures upon the white road, but this time not approaching — going away.

"Tell me about it, tell me all about it, Anne. I did it on purpose; I wanted to see how you would behave. You just behaved exactly like other people, and shook hands with him the same as I did. I will stand your friend with papa and everybody if you will tell me all about it, Anne."

Mrs. Mountford also was greatly excited; she came sailing down upon them with her parasol expanded and fanning herself as she walked. "I never had such a thing to do," she said; "I never had such an awkward encounter in my life. It is not that I have any dislike to the man, he has always been very civil; though I must say, Anne, that I think, instead of coming, it would have been better taste if he had sent a note to say good-bye. And if you consider that I had not an idea what to say to him! and that I was in a state of mind all the time, saying to myself, 'Goodness gracious! if papa should suddenly walk round the corner, what should we all do?' I looked

for papa every moment all the time. People always do come if there is any special reason for not wanting them. However, I hope it is all over now, and that you will not expose us to such risks any more."

Anne made no reply to either of her companions. She stole away from them as soon as possible, to subdue the high beating of her own heart, and come down to the ordinary level. No, she was not likely to encounter any such risks again; the day was over and with it the last cake of the feast: the black bread of every day was all that now furnished forth the tables. A kind of dull quiet fell upon Mount and all the surrounding country. The clouds closed round and hung low. People seemed to speak in whispers. It was a quiet that whispered of fate, and in which the elements of storm might be lurking. But still it cannot be said that the calm was unhappy. The light had left the landscape, but only for the moment. The banquet was over, but there were fresh feasts to come. Everything fell back into the old conditions, but nothing was as it had been. The world was the same, yet changed in every particular. Without any convulsion, or indeed any great family disturbance, how did this happen unsuspected? Everything in heaven and earth was different, though all things were the same.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
SAMUEL PEPYS.

In two books a fresh light has recently been thrown on the character and position of Samuel Pepys. Mr. Mynors Bright has given us a new transcription of the diary, increasing it in bulk by near a third, correcting many errors, and completing our knowledge of the man in some curious and important points. We can only regret that he has taken liberties with the author and the public. It is no part of the duties of the editor of an established classic to decide what may or may not be "tedious to the reader." The book is either an historical document or not, and in condemning Lord Braybrooke Mr. Bright condemns himself. As for the time-honored phrase, "unfit for publication," without being cynical, we may regard it as the sign of a precaution more or less commercial; and we may think, without being sordid, that when we purchase six huge and distressingly expen

sive volumes, we are entitled to be treated rather more like scholars and rather less like children. But Mr. Bright may rest assured: while we complain, we are still grateful. Mr. Wheatley, to divide our obligation, brings together, clearly and with no lost words, a body of illustrative material. Sometimes we might ask a little more; never, I think, less. And as a matter of fact, a great part of Mr. Wheatley's volume might be transferred, by a good editor of Pepys, to the margin of the text, for it is precisely what the reader wants.

In the light of these two books, at least, we have now to read our author. Between them they contain all we can expect to learn for, it may be, many years. Now, if ever, we should be able to form some notion of that unparalleled figure in the annals of mankind — unparalleled for three good reasons: first, because he was a man known to his contemporaries in a halo of almost historical pomp, and to his remote descendants with an indelible familiarity, like a tap-room comrade; second, because he has outstripped all competitors in the art or virtue of a conscious honesty about oneself; and, third, because, being in many ways a very ordinary person, he has yet placed himself before the public eye with such a fulness and such an intimacy of detail as might be envied by a genius like Montaigne. Not, then, for his own sake only, but as a character in a unique position, endowed with a unique talent, and shedding a unique light upon the lives of the mass of mankind, he is surely worthy of prolonged and patient study.

THE DIARY.

THAT there should be such a book as Pepys's "Diary" is incomparably strange. Pepys, in a corrupt and idle period, played the man in public employments, toiling hard and keeping his honor bright. Much of the little good that is set down to James the Second comes by right to Pepys; and if it were little for a king, it is much for a subordinate. To his clear, capable head was owing somewhat of the greatness of England on the seas. In the exploits of Hawke, Rodney, or Nelson, this dead Mr. Pepys of the Navy Office had some considerable share. He stood well by his business in the appalling plague of 1666. He was loved and respected by some of the best and wisest men in England. He was president of the Royal Society; and when he came to die, people said of his conduct in that solemn hour — thinking

it needless to say more — that it was answerable to the greatness of his life. Thus he walked in dignity, guards of soldiers sometimes attending him in his walks, subalterns bowing before his perwig; and when he uttered his thoughts they were suitable to his state and services. On February 8, 1668, we find him writing to Evelyn, his mind bitterly occupied with the late Dutch war, and some thoughts of the different story of the repulse of the Great Armada: "Sir, you will not wonder at the backwardness of my thanks for the present you made me, so many days since, of the Prospect of the Medway, while the Hollander rode master in it, when I have told you that the sight of it hath led me to such reflections on my particular interest, by my employment, in the reproach due to that miscarriage, as have given me little less disquiet than he is fancied to have who found his face in Michael Angelo's hell. The same should serve me also in excuse for my silence in celebrating your mastery shown in the design and draught, did not indignation rather than courtship urge me so far to commend them, as to wish the furniture of our House of Lords changed from the story of '88 to that of '67 (of Evelyn's designing), till the pravity of this were reformed to the temper of that age, wherein God Almighty found his blessings more operative than, I fear, he doth in ours his judgments."

This is a letter honorable to the writer, where the meaning rather than the words is eloquent. Such was the account he gave of himself to his contemporaries; such thoughts he chose to utter, and in such language; giving himself out for a grave and patriotic public servant. We turn to the same date in the diary by which he is known, after two centuries, to his descendants. The entry begins in the same key with the letter, blaming the "madness of the House of Commons" and "the base proceedings, just the epitome of all our public proceedings in this age, of the House of Lords;" and then, without the least transition, this is how our diarist proceeds: "To the Strand, to my bookseller's, and there bought an idle, rogueish French book, *L'escolle des Filles*, which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them, if it should be found." Even in our day, when responsibility is so much more clearly appre-

hended, the man who wrote the letter would be notable; but what about the man, I do not say who bought a roguish book, but who was ashamed of doing so, yet did it, and recorded both the doing and the shame in the pages of his daily journal?

We all, whether we write or speak, must somewhat drape ourselves when we address our fellows; at a given moment we apprehend our character and acts by some particular side; we are merry with one, grave with another, as befits the nature and demands of the relation. Pepys's letter to Evelyn would have little in common with that other one to Mrs. Knipp which he signed by the pseudonym of "Dapper Dicky;" yet each would be suitable to the character of his correspondent. There is no untruth in this, for man, being a Protean animal, swiftly shares and changes with his company and surroundings; and these changes are the better part of his education in the world. To strike a posture once for all, and to march through life like a drum-major, is to be highly disagreeable to others and a fool for oneself into the bargain. To Evelyn and to Knipp we understand the double facing; but to whom was he posing in the diary, and what, in the name of astonishment, was the nature of the pose? Had he suppressed all mention of the book, or had he bought it, gloried in the act, and cheerfully recorded his glorification, in either case we should have made him out. But no, he is full of precautions to conceal the "disgrace" of the purchase, and yet speeds to chronicle the whole affair in pen and ink. It is a sort of anomaly in human action, which we can exactly parallel from another part of the diary.

Mrs. Pepys had written a paper of her too just complaints against her husband, and written it in plain and very pungent English. Pepys, in an agony lest the world should come to see it, brutally seizes and destroys the tell-tale document; and then—you disbelieve your eyes—down goes the whole story with unsparing truth and in the cruellest detail. It seems he has no design but to appear respectable, and here he keeps a private book to prove he was not. You are at first faintly reminded of some of the vagaries of the morbid, religious diarist; but at a moment's thought the resemblance disappears. The design of Pepys is not at all to edify; it is not from repentance that he chronicles his peccadilloes, for he tells us when he does repent, and, to be

just to him, there often follows some improvement. Again, the sins of the religious diarist are of a very formal pattern, and are told with an elaborate whine. But in Pepys you come upon good, substantive misdemeanors; beams in his eye of which he alone remains unconscious; healthy outbreaks of the animal nature, and laughable subterfuges to himself that always command belief and often engage the sympathies.

Pepys was a young man for his age, came slowly to himself in the world, sowed his wild oats late, took late to industry, and preserved till nearly forty the headlong gusto of a boy. So, to come rightly at the spirit in which the diary was written, we must recall a class of sentiments which with most of us are over and done before the age of twelve. In our tender years we still preserve a freshness of surprise at our prolonged existence; events make an impression out of all proportion to their consequence; we are unspeakably touched by our own past adventures, and look forward to our future personality with sentimental interest. It was something of this, I think, that clung to Pepys. Although not sentimental in the abstract, he was sweetly sentimental about himself. His own past clung about his heart, an evergreen. He was the slave of an association. He could not pass by Islington, where his father used to carry him to cakes and ale, but he must light at the "King's Head" and eat and drink "for remembrance of the old house sake." He counted it good fortune to lie a night at Epsom to renew his old walks, "where Mrs. Hely and I did use to walk and talk, with whom I had the first sentiments of love and pleasure in a woman's company, discourse and taking her by the hand, she being a pretty woman." He goes about weighing up the "Assurance," which lay near Woolwich under water, and cries in a parenthesis, "Poor ship, that I have been twice merry in, in Captain Holland's time;" and after revisiting the "Naseby," now changed into the "Charles," he confesses "it was a great pleasure to myself to see the ship that I began my good fortune in." The stone that he was cut for he preserved in a case; and to the Turners he kept alive such gratitude for their assistance that for years, and after he had begun to mount himself into higher zones, he continued to have that family to dinner on the anniversary of the operation. Not Hazlitt nor Rousseau had a more romantic passion for their past, although

at times they might express it more romantically; and if Pepys shared with them this childish fondness, did not Rousseau who left behind him the "Confessions," or Hazlitt who wrote the "Liber Amoris," and loaded his essays with loving personal detail, share with Pepys in his unwearied egotism? For the two things go hand in hand; or, to be more exact, it is the first that makes the second either possible or pleasing.

But, to be quite in sympathy with Pepys, we must return once more to the experience of children. I can remember to have written, in the fly-leaf of more than one book, the date and the place where I then was — if, for instance, I was ill in bed or sitting in a certain garden; these were jottings for my future self; if I should chance on such a note in after years, I thought it would cause me a particular thrill to recognize myself across the intervening distance. Indeed, I might come upon them now, and not be moved one tittle — which shows that I have comparatively failed in life, and grown older than Samuel Pepys. For in the diary we can find more than one such note of perfect childish egotism; as when he explains that his candle is going out, "which makes me write thus slobberingly;" or as in this incredible particularity, "To my study, where I only wrote thus much of this day's passages to this *," and so out again;" or lastly, as here, with more of circumstance: "I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell under my window, as *I was writing of this very line*, and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.'" Such passages are not to be misunderstood. The appeal to Samuel Pepys years hence is unmistakable. He desires that dear, though unknown, gentleman keenly to realize his predecessor; to remember why a passage was uncleanly written; to recall (let us fancy, with a sigh) the tones of the bellman, the chill of the early, windy, morning, and the very line his own romantic self was scribing at the moment. The man, you will perceive, was making reminiscences — a sort of pleasure by ricochet, which comforts many in distress, and turns some others into sentimental libertines; and the whole book, if you will but look at it in that way, is seen to be a work of art to Pepys's own address.

Here, then, we have the key to that remarkable attitude preserved by him throughout his diary, to that unflinching — I had almost said, that unintelligent —

sincerity which makes it a miracle among human books. He was not unconscious of his errors — far from it; he was often startled into shame, often reformed, often made and broke his vows of change. But whether he did ill or well, he was still his own unequalled self; still that entrancing *ego* of whom alone he cared to write; and still sure of his own affectionate indulgence, when the parts should be changed, and the writer come to read what he had written. Whatever he did, or said, or thought, or suffered, it was still a trait of Pepys, a character of his career; and as, to himself, he was more interesting than Moses or than Alexander, all should be faithfully set down. I have called his diary a work of art. Now when the artist has found something, word or deed, exactly proper to a favorite character in play or novel, he will neither suppress nor diminish it, though the remark be silly or the act mean. The hesitation of Hamlet, the credulity of Othello, the baseness of Emma Bovary, or the irregularities of Mr. Swiveller, caused neither disappointment nor disgust to their creators. And so with Pepys and his adored protagonist: adored not blindly, but with trenchant insight and enduring, human toleration. I have gone over and over the greater part of the diary; and the points where, to the most suspicious scrutiny, he has seemed not perfectly sincere, are so few, so doubtful, and so petty, that I am ashamed to name them. It may be said that we all of us write such a diary in airy characters upon our brain; but I fear there is a distinction to be made; I fear that as we render to our consciousness an account of our daily fortunes and behavior, we too often weave a tissue of romantic compliments and dull excuses; and even if Mr. Pepys were the ass and coward that men call him, we must take rank as sillier and more cowardly than he. The bald truth about oneself, what we are all too timid to admit when we are not too dull to see it, that was what he saw clearly and set down unsparingly.

It is improbable that the diary can have been carried on in the same single spirit in which it was begun. Pepys was not such an ass, but he must have perceived, as he went on, the extraordinary nature of the work he was producing. He was a great reader, and he knew what other books were like. It must, at least, have crossed his mind that some one might ultimately decipher the manuscript, and he himself, with all his pains and pleas-

ures, be resuscitated in some later day; and the thought, although discouraged, must have warmed his heart. He was not such an ass, besides, but he must have been conscious of the deadly explosives, the guncotton and the giant powder, he was hoarding in his drawer. Let some contemporary light upon the journal, and Pepys was plunged forever in social and political disgrace. We can trace the growth of his terrors by two facts. In 1660, while the diary was still in its youth, he tells about it, as a matter of course, to a lieutenant in the navy; but in 1669, when it was already near an end, he could have bitten his tongue out, as the saying is, because he had let slip his secret to one so grave and friendly as Sir William Coventry. And from two other facts I think we may infer that he had entertained even if he had not acquiesced in the thought of a far-distant publicity. The first is of capital importance: the diary was not destroyed. The second—that he took unusual precautions to confound the cipher in “rogueish” passages—proves, beyond question, that he was thinking of some other reader besides himself. Perhaps while his friends were admiring the “greatness of his behavior” at the approach of death, he may have had a twinkling hope of immortality. *Mens cujusque is est quisque*, said his chosen motto; and, as he had stamped his mind with every crook and foible in the pages of the diary, he might feel that what he left behind him was indeed himself. There is perhaps no other instance so remarkable of the desire of man for publicity and an enduring name. The greatness of his life was open, yet he longed to communicate its smallness also; and, while contemporaries bowed before him, he must buttonhole posterity with the news that his periwig was once alive with nits. But this thought, although I cannot doubt he had it, was neither his first nor his deepest; it did not color one word that he wrote; and the diary, for as long as he kept it, remained what it was when he began, a private pleasure for himself. It was his bosom secret; it added a zest to all his pleasures; he lived in and for it, and might well write these solemn words, when he closed that confidant forever: “And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into the grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.”

A LIBERAL GENIUS.

PEPYS spent part of a certain winter Sunday, when he had taken physic, composing “a song in praise of a liberal genius (such as I take my own to be) to all studies and pleasures.” The song was unsuccessful, but the diary is, in a sense, the very song that he was seeking; and his portrait by Hales, so admirably reproduced in Mynors Bright’s edition, is a confirmation of the diary. Hales, it would appear, had known his business; and though he put his sitter to a deal of trouble, almost breaking his neck “to have the portrait full of shadows,” and draping him in an Indian gown hired expressly for the purpose, he was preoccupied about no merely picturesque effects, but to portray the essence of the man. Whether we read the picture by the diary or the diary by the picture, we shall at least agree that Hales was among the number of those who can “surprise the manners in the face.” Here we have a mouth pouting, moist with desires; eyes greedy, protuberant, and yet apt for weeping too; a nose great alike in character and dimensions; and altogether a most fleshly, melting countenance. The face is attractive by its promise of reciprocity. I have used the word *greedy*, but the reader must not suppose that he can change it for that closely kindred one of *hungry*, for there is here no aspiration, no waiting for better things, but an animal joy in all that comes. It could never be the face of an artist; it is the face of a *viveur*—kindly, pleased, and pleasing, protected from excess and upheld in contentment by the shifting versatility of his desires. For a single desire is more rightly to be called a lust; but there is health in a variety, where one may balance and control another.

The whole world, town or country, was to Pepys a garden of Armida. Wherever he went, his steps were winged with the most eager expectation; whatever he did, it was done with the most lively pleasure. An insatiable curiosity in all the shows of the world and all the secrets of knowledge filled him brimful of the longing to travel, and supported him in the toils of study. Rome was the dream of his life; he was never happier than when he read or talked of the eternal city. When he was in Holland, he was “with child” to see any strange thing. Meeting some friends and singing with them in a palace near the Hague, his pen fails him to express his

passion of delight, "the more so because in a heaven of pleasure and in a strange country." He must go to see all famous executions. He must needs visit the body of a murdered man, defaced "with a broad wound," he says, "that makes my hand now shake to write of it." He learned to dance, and was "like to make a dancer." He learned to sing, and walked about Gray's Inn Fields "humming to myself (which is now my constant practice) the trillo." He learned to play the lute, the flute, the flageolet, and the theorbo, and it was not the fault of his intention if he did not learn the harpsichord or the spinet. He learned to compose songs, and burned to give forth "a scheme and theory of music not yet ever made in the world." When he heard "a fellow whistle like a bird exceeding well," he promised to return another day and give an angel for a lesson in the art. Once, he writes, "I took the Bezan back with me, and with a brave gale and tide reached up that night to the Hope, taking great pleasure in learning the seamen's manner of singing when they sound the depths." If he found himself rusty in his Latin grammar, he must fall to it like a schoolboy. He was a member of Harrington's Club till its dissolution, and of the Royal Society before it had received the name. Boyle's "Hydrostatics" was "of infinite delight" to him, walking in Barnes Elms. We find him comparing Bible concordances, a captious judge of sermons, deep in Descartes and Aristotle. We find him, in a single year, studying timber and the measurement of timber; tar and oil, hemp, and the process of preparing cordage; mathematics and accounting; the hull and the rigging of ships from a model; and "looking and improving himself of the (naval) stores with"—hark to the fellow!—"great delight." His familiar spirit of delight was not the same with Shelley's; but how true it was to him through life! He is only copying something, and behold, he "takes great pleasure to rule the lines, and have the capital words wrote with red ink;" he has only had his coal-cellar emptied and cleaned, and behold, "it do please him exceedingly." A hog's harslett is "a piece of meat he loves." He cannot ride home in my Lord Sandwich's coach, but he must exclaim, with breathless gusto, "his noble, rich coach." When he is bound for a supper party, he anticipates a "glut of pleasure." When he has a new watch, "to see my childishness," says he, "I could not forbear car-

rying it in my hand and seeing what o'clock it was an hundred times." To go to Vauxhall, he says, and "to hear the nightingales and other birds, hear fiddles, and there a harp and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising." And the nightingales, I take it, were particularly dear to him; and it was again "with great pleasure" that he paused to hear them as he walked to Woolwich, while the fog was rising and the April sun broke through.

He must always be doing something agreeable, and, by preference, two agreeable things at once. In his house he had a box of carpenter's tools, two dogs, an eagle, a canary, and a blackbird that whistled tunes, lest, even in that full life, he should chance upon an empty moment. If he had to wait for a dish of poached eggs, he must put in the time by playing on the flageolet; if a sermon were dull, he must read in the Book of Tobit, or divert his mind with sly advances on the nearest women. When he walked, it must be with a book in his pocket to beguile the way in case the nightingales were silent; and even along the streets of London, with so many pretty faces to be spied for and dignitaries to be saluted, his trail was marked by little debts "for wine, pictures, etc.," the true headmark of a life intolerant of any joyless passage. He had a kind of idealism in pleasure; like the princess in the fairy story, he was conscious of a rose-leaf out of place. Dearly as he loved to talk, he could not enjoy nor shine in a conversation when he thought himself unsuitably dressed. Dearly as he loved eating, he "knew not how to eat alone;" pleasure for him must heighten pleasure; and the eye and ear must be flattered like the palate ere he avow himself content. He had no zest in a good dinner when it fell to be eaten "in a bad street and in a periwig-maker's house;" and a collation was spoiled for him by indifferent music. His body was indefatigable, doing him yeoman's service in this breathless chase of pleasures. On April 11, 1662, he mentions that he went to bed "*weary, which I seldom am;*" and already over thirty, he would sit up all night cheerfully to see a comet. But it is never pleasure that exhausts the pleasure-seeker; for in that career, as in all others, it is failure that kills. The man who enjoys so wholly and bears so impatiently the slightest widowhood from joy, is just the man to lose a night's rest over some paltry question of his right to fiddle

on the leads, or to be "vexed to the blood" by a solecism in his wife's attire; and we find in consequence that he was always peevish when he was hungry, and that his head "aked mightily" after a dispute. But nothing could divert him from his aim in life; his remedy in care was the same as his delight in prosperity; it was with pleasure, and with pleasure only, that he sought to drive out sorrow; and, whether he was jealous of his wife or skulking from a bailiff, he would equally take refuge in the theatre. There, if the house be full and the company noble, if the songs be tunable, the actors perfect, and the play diverting, this odd hero of the secret diary, this private self-adorer, will speedily be healed of his distresses.

Equally pleased with a watch, a coach, a piece of meat, a tune upon the fiddle, or a fact in hydrostatics, Pepys was pleased yet more by the beauty, the worth, the mirth, or the mere scenic attitude in life of his fellow-creatures. He shows himself throughout a sterling humanist. Indeed, he who loves himself, not in idle vanity, but with a plenitude of knowledge, is the best equipped of all to love his neighbors. And perhaps it is in this sense that charity may be most properly said to begin at home. It does not matter what quality a person has, Pepys can appreciate and love him for it. He "fills his eyes" with the beauty of Lady Castlemaine; indeed, he may be said to dote upon the thought of her for years; if a woman be good-looking and not painted, he will walk miles to have another sight of her; and even when a lady by a mischance spat upon his clothes, he was immediately consoled when he had observed that she was pretty. But, on the other hand, he is delighted to see Mrs. Pett upon her knees, and speaks thus of his Aunt James: "a poor, religious, well-meaning, good soul, talking of nothing but God Almighty, and that with so much innocence that mightily pleased me." He is taken with Pen's merriment and loose songs, but not less taken with the sterling worth of Coventry. He is jolly with a drunken sailor, but listens with interest and patience, as he rides the Essex roads, to the story of a Quaker's spiritual trials and convictions. He lends a critical ear to the discourse of kings and royal dukes. He spends an evening at Vauxhall with "Killigrew and young Newport—loose company," says he, "but worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk and lives." And when a rag boy lights him home, he

examines him about his business and other ways of livelihood for destitute children. This is almost halfway to the beginning of philanthropy; had it only been the fashion, as it is at present, Pepys had perhaps been a man famous for good deeds. And it is through this quality that he rises, at times, superior to his surprising egotism; his interest in the love affairs of others is, indeed, impersonal; he is filled with concern for my Lady Castlemaine, whom he only knows by sight, shares in her very jealousies, joys with her in her successes; and it is not untrue, however strange it seems in his abrupt presentment, that he loved his maid Jane because she was in love with his man Tom.

Let us hear him, for once, at length: "So the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty; and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woolen knit stockings of two colors mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty; and taking notice of them, 'Why,' says the poor man, 'the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are faine to shoe ourselves thus; and these,' says he, 'will make the stones fly till they ring before me.' I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his home crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them; told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them; and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosebags that ever I saw in my life."

And so the story rambles on to the end of that day's pleasuring; with cups of

milk, and glowworms, and people walking at sundown with their wives and children, and all the way home Pepys still dreaming "of the old age of the world" and the early innocence of man. This was how he walked through life, his eyes and ears wide open, and his hand, you will observe, not shut; and thus he observed the lives, the speech, and the manners of his fellow-men, with prose fidelity of detail and yet a lingering glamor of romance.

It was "two or three days after" that he extended this passage in the pages of his journal, and the style has thus the benefit of some reflection. It is generally supposed that, as a writer, Pepys must rank at the bottom of the scale of merit. But a style which is indefatigably lively, telling, and picturesque through six large volumes of everyday experience, which deals with the whole matter of a life, and yet is rarely wearisome, which condescends to the most fastidious particulars, and yet sweeps all away in the forth-right current of the narrative—such a style may be ungrammatical, it may be inelegant, it may be one tissue of mistakes, but it can never be devoid of merit. The first and the true function of the writer has been thoroughly performed throughout; and though the manner of his utterance may be childishly awkward, the matter has been transformed and assimilated by his unfeigned interest and delight. The gusto of the man speaks out fiercely after all these years. For the difference between Pepys and Shelley, to return to that half-whimsical approximation, is one of quality but not one of degree; in his sphere, Pepys felt as keenly, and his is the true prose of poetry—prose because the spirit of the man was narrow and earthly, but poetry because he was delightfully alive. Hence, in such a passage as this about the Epsom shepherd, the result upon the reader's mind is entire conviction and unmingled pleasure. So, you feel, the thing fell out, not otherwise; and you would no more change it than you would change a sublimity of Shakespeare's, a homely touch of Bunyan's, or a favored reminiscence of your own.

There never was a man nearer being an artist, who yet was not one. The tang was in the family; while he was writing the journal for our enjoyment in his comely house in Navy Gardens, no fewer than two of his cousins were tramping the fens, kit under arm, to make music to the country girls. But he himself, though

he could play so many instruments and pass judgment in so many fields of art, remained an amateur. It is not given to any one so keenly to enjoy, without some greater power to understand. That he did not like Shakespeare as an artist for the stage may be a fault, but it is not without either parallel or excuse. He certainly admired him as a poet; he was the first beyond mere actors on the rolls of that innumerable army who have got "To be or not to be" by heart. Nor was he content with that; it haunted his mind; he quoted it to himself in the pages of the diary, and, rushing in where angels fear to tread, he set it to music. Nothing, indeed, is more notable than the heroic quality of the verses that our little sensualist in a periwig chose out to marry with his own mortal strains. Some gust from brave Elizabethan times must have warmed his spirit, as he sat tuning his sublime theorbo. "To be or not to be. Whether 'tis nobler"—"Beauty retire, thou dost my pity move"—"It is decreed, nor shall thy fate, O Rome"—open and dignified in the sound, various and majestic in the sentiment, it was no inapt, as it was certainly no timid, spirit that selected such a range of themes. Of "Gaze not on Swans," I know no more than those four words; yet that also seems to promise well. It was, however, on a probable suspicion, the work of his master, Mr. Berkenshaw—as the drawings that figure at the breaking up of a young ladies' seminary are the work of the professor attached to the establishment. Mr. Berkenshaw was not altogether happy in his pupil. The amateur cannot usually rise into the artist, some leaven of the world still clogging him, and we find Pepys behaving like a pickthack to the man who taught him composition. In relation to the stage, which he so warmly loved and understood, he was not only more hearty, but more generous to others. Thus he encounters Colonel Reames, "a man," says he, "who understands and loves a play as well as I, and I love him for it." And again, when he and his wife had seen a most ridiculous insipid piece, "Glad we were," he writes, "that Betterton had no part in it." It is by such a zeal and loyalty to those who labor for his delight that the amateur grows worthy of the artist. And it should be kept in mind that, not only in art, but in morals, Pepys rejoiced to recognize his betters. There was not one speck of envy in the whole human-hearted egoist.

RESPECTABILITY.

WHEN writers inveigh against respectability, in the present degraded meaning of the word, they are usually suspected of a taste for clay pipes and beer cellars; and their performances are thought to hail from the *Owl's Nest* of the comedy. They have something more, however, in their eye, than the dulness of a round million dinner parties that sit down yearly in old England. For to do anything because others do it, and not because the thing is good, or kind, or honest in its own right, is to resign all moral control and captaincy upon yourself, and go post-haste to the devil with the greater number. We smile over the ascendancy of priests; but I had rather follow a priest than what they call the leaders of society. No life can better than that of Pepys illustrate the dangers of this respectable theory of living. For what can be more untoward than the occurrence, at a critical period and while the habits are still pliable, of such a sweeping transformation as the return of Charles the Second? Round went the whole fleet of England on the other tack; and while a few tall pintas, Milton or Pen, still sailed a lonely course by the stars and their own private compass, the cock-boat, Pepys, must go about with the majority among "the stupid starers and the loud huzzas."

The respectable are not led so much by any desire of applause as by a positive need for countenance. The weaker and the tamer the man, the more will he require this support; and any positive quality relieves him, by just so much, of this dependence. In a dozen ways, Pepys was quite strong enough to please himself without regard for others; but his positive qualities were not co-extensive with the field of conduct; and in many parts of life he followed, with gleeful precision, in the footprints of the contemporary Mrs. Grundy. In morals, particularly, he lived by the countenance of others; felt a slight from another more keenly than a meanness in himself; and then first repented when he was found out. You could talk of religion or morality to such a man; and by the artist side of him, by his lively sympathy and apprehension, he could rise, as it were dramatically, to the significance of what you said. All that matter in religion which has been nicknamed other-worldliness, was strictly in his gamut; but a rule of life that should make a man rudely virtuous, following right in good report and ill report, was a foolishness

and a stumbling-block to Pepys. He was much thrown across the Friends; and nothing can be more instructive than his attitude towards these most interesting people of that age. I have mentioned how he conversed with one as he rode; when he saw some brought from a meeting under arrest, "I would to God," said he, "they would either conform, or be more wise and not be caught;" and to a Quaker in his own office he extended a timid though effectual protection. Meanwhile there was growing up next door to him that beautiful nature, William Pen. It is odd that Pepys condemned him for a fop; odd, though natural enough when you see Pen's portrait, that Pepys was jealous of him with his wife. But the cream of the story is when Pen publishes his "Sandy Foundation Shaken," and Pepys has it read aloud by his wife. "I find it," he says, "so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for everybody to read." Nothing is more galling to the merely respectable than to be brought in contact with religious ardor. Pepys had his own foundation, sandy enough, but dear to him from practical considerations, and he would read the book with true uneasiness of spirit; for conceive the blow if, by some plaguy accident, this Pen were to convert him! It was a different kind of doctrine that he judged profitable for himself and others. "A good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our church, upon 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven.' A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villany." It is thus that respectable people desire to have their Greathearts address them, telling, in mild accents, how you may make the best of both worlds, and be a moral hero without courage, kindness, or troublesome reflection; and thus the Gospel, cleared of Eastern metaphor, becomes a manual of worldly prudence, and a handybook for Pepys and the successful merchant.

The respectability of Pepys was deeply grained. He has no idea of truth except for the diary. He has no care that a thing shall be, if it but appear; gives out that he has inherited a good estate, when he has seemingly got nothing but a lawsuit; and is pleased to be thought liberal when he knows he has been mean. He is conscientiously ostentatious. I say conscientiously, with reason. He could never have been taken for a fop, like Pen,

but arrayed himself in a manner nicely suitable to his position. For long he hesitated to assume the famous periwig; for a public man should travel gravely with the fashions, not foppishly before, nor dowdily behind, the central movement of his age. For long he durst not keep a carriage; that, in his circumstances, would have been improper; but a time comes, with the growth of his fortune, when the impropriety has shifted to the other side, and he is "ashamed to be seen in a hackney." Pepys talked about being "a Quaker or some very melancholy thing;" for my part, I can imagine nothing so melancholy, because nothing half so silly, as to be concerned about such problems. But so respectability and the duties of society haunt and burden their poor devotees; and what seems at first the very primrose path of life proves difficult and thorny like the rest. And the time comes to Pepys, as to all the merely respectable, when he must not only order his pleasures, but even clip his virtuous movements, to the public pattern of the age. There was some juggling among officials to avoid direct taxation; and Pepys, with a noble impulse, growing ashamed of this dishonesty, designed to charge himself with 1,000*l.*; but finding none to set him an example, "nobody of our ablest merchants" with this moderate liking for clean hands, he judged it "not decent;" he feared it would "be thought vain glory;" and, rather than appear singular, cheerfully remained a thief. One able merchant's countenance, and Pepys had dared to do an honest act! Had he found one brave spirit, properly recognized by society, he might have gone far as a disciple. Mrs. Turner, it is true, can fill him full of sordid scandal, and make him believe, against the testimony of his senses, that Pen's venison pasty stank like the devil; but, on the other hand, Sir William Coventry can raise him by a word into another being. Pepys, when he is with Coventry, talks in the vein of an old Roman. What does he care for office or emolument? "Thank God, I have enough of my own," says he, "to buy me a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife." And again, we find this pair projecting an old age when an ungrateful country shall have dismissed them from the field of public service; Coventry living retired in a fine house, and Pepys dropping in, "it may be, to read a chapter of Seneca."

Under this influence, the only good one in his life, Pepys continued zealous and,

for the period, pure in his employment. He would not be "bribed to be unjust," he says, though he was "not so squeamish as to refuse a present after," suppose the king to have received no wrong. His new arrangement for the victualling of Tangier, he tells us with honest complacency, will save the king a thousand and gain Pepys three hundred pounds a year—a statement which exactly fixes the degree of the age's enlightenment. But for his industry and capacity no praise can be too high. It was an unending struggle for the man to stick to his business in such a garden of Armida as he found this life; and the story of his oaths, so often broken, so courageously renewed, is worthy rather of admiration than the contempt it has received.

Elsewhere, and beyond the sphere of Coventry's influence, we find him losing scruples and daily complying further with the age. When he began the journal, he was a trifle prim and Puritanic; merry enough, to be sure, over his private cups, and still remembering Magdalene ale and his acquaintance with Mrs. Ainsworth of Cambridge. But youth is a hot season with all; when a man smells April and May he is apt at times to stumble; and in spite of a disordered practice, Pepys's theory, the better things that he approved and followed after, we may even say were strict. Where there was "tag, rag, and bobtail, dancing, singing, and drinking," he felt "ashamed, and went away;" and when he slept in church, he prayed God forgive him. In but a little while we find him with some ladies keeping each other awake, "from spite," as though not to sleep in church were an obvious hardship; and yet later he calmly passes the time of service, looking about him, through a telescope, on all the pretty women. His favorite ejaculation, "Lord!" occurs but once that I have observed in 1660, never in '61, twice in '62, and at least five times in '63; after which the "Lords" may be said to pullulate like herrings, with here and there a solitary "damned," as it were a whale among the shoal. He and his wife, once filled with dudgeon by some innocent freedoms at a marriage, are soon content to go pleasuring with my Lord Brouncker's mistress, who was not even, by his own account, the most discreet of mistresses. Tag, rag, and bobtail, dancing, singing, and drinking, become his natural element; actors and actresses, and drunken, roaring courtiers are to be found in his society; until the man grew so involved

with Saturnalian manners and companions that he was shot almost unconsciously into the grand domestic crash of 1668.

That was the legitimate issue and punishment of years of staggering walk and conversation. The man who has smoked his pipe for half a century in a powder magazine finds himself at last the author and the victim of a hideous disaster. So with our pleasant-minded Pepys and his peccadilloes. All of a sudden as he still trips dexterously enough among the dangers of a double-faced career, thinking no great evil, humming to himself the trillo, fate takes the further conduct of that matter from his hands, and brings him face to face with the consequences of his acts. For a man still, after so many years, the lover, although not the constant lover, of his wife—for a man, besides, who was so greatly careful of appearances—the revelation of his infidelities was a crushing blow. The tears that he shed, the indignities that he endured, are not to be measured. A vulgar woman, and now justly incensed, Mrs. Pepys spared him no detail of suffering. She was violent, threatening him with the tongs; she was careless of his honor, driving him to insult the mistress whom she had driven him to betray and to discard; worst of all, she was hopelessly inconsequent, in word and thought and deed, now lulling him with reconciliations, and anon flaming forth again with the original anger. Pepys had not used his wife well; he had wearied her with jealousies, even while himself unfaithful; he had grudged her clothes and pleasures, while lavishing both upon himself; he had abused her in words; he had bent his fist at her in anger; he had once blacked her eye; and it is one of the oddest particulars in that odd diary of his, that, while the injury is referred to once in passing, there is no hint as to the occasion or the manner of the blow. But now, when he is in the wrong, nothing can exceed the long-suffering affection of this impatient husband. While he was still sinning and still undiscovered, he seems not to have known a touch of penitence stronger than what might lead him to take his wife to the theatre, or for an airing, or to give her a new dress by way of compensation. Once found out, however, and he seems to himself to have lost all claim to decent usage. It is perhaps the strongest instance of his externality. His wife may do what she pleases, and though he may groan, it will never occur to him to blame her; he has no weapon left but tears and the most

abject submission. We should perhaps have respected him more had he not given way so utterly—above all, had he refused to write, under his wife's dictation, an insulting letter to his unhappy fellow-culprit, Miss Willet; but somehow I believe we like him better as he was.

The death of his wife, following so shortly after, must have stamped the impression of this episode upon his mind. For the remaining years of his long life we have no diary to help us, and we have seen already how little stress is to be laid upon the tenor of his correspondence; but what with the recollection of the catastrophe of his married life, what with the natural influence of his advancing years and reputation, it seems not unlikely that the period of gallantry was at an end for Pepys; and it is beyond a doubt that he sat down at last to an honored and agreeable old age among his books and music, the correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton, and, in one instance at least, the poetical counsellor of Dryden. Through all this period, that diary which contained the secret memoirs of his life, with all its inconsistencies and escapades, had been religiously preserved; nor, when he came to die, does he appear to have provided for its destruction. So we may conceive him faithful to the end to all his dear and early memories; still mindful of Mrs. Hely in the woods at Epsom; still lighting at Islington for a cup of kindness to the dead; still, if he heard again that air that once so much disturbed him, thrilling at the recollection of the love that bound him to his wife.

R. L. S.

From Temple Bar.

COUSIN FELIX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY,"
"DELICIA," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

(continued).

SOFTHEARTED, tender Pollie was becoming a perfect dragon in her attempts to guard the golden apples, which she felt would of a surety be stolen from under her watchful eyes, sooner or later. Perhaps Mr. Weston did think of a plan of help, for the next morning, when breakfast was over, and he had heard Mr. Warburton ask for Pollie's presence in the library, where he wanted some one to read to him, and had watched Cousin Sarah

preparing to slip away to her usual morning occupation of letter-writing, he asked Miss Warburton if she would play one game of billiards with him. Asked her boldly before them all, so that any excuse would have been difficult; and when she attempted a faltering remark about "many duties," he replied that he would wait till all the duties were over. "And it is raining hard, you see, so out-of-door amusement is impossible."

And Charity, not knowing what else to say, answered "Yes."

On his way to the billiard-room he was waylaid by Pollie.

"Mr. Weston." He stopped, hearing the low voice in the passage.

"Mr. Weston, I forgot last night when I said that to you. Do you remember? About telling father something against Cousin Felix, I forgot I was breaking a promise. You must not do it indeed. Will you please forget all about it?"

"But what was the promise?"

"It was to Charity. I promised her that till I saw him," with a little stress on the words, "I would not think or say anything against him. You know, of course, as Charity says, he *may* be very nice. Will you remember?"

"Yes," he nodded, "I will say nothing at all; that will be the safest plan."

"Yes—I suppose so. Till we see him," with a faint gleam of hope.

Then Pollie sped back to the library, and Mr. Weston dawdled on to the billiard-room. A bright fire was burning there, and everything looked cheerful. He sauntered over to the rug, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, with his eyes turned in the direction of the door. Would she come?

"Yes," he believed so, "but not yet perhaps," and his thoughts returned to his own affairs during this interval of waiting.

"I must be off," he said at length half aloud, and then lower still, "Poor Charity!"

But, however much deserving of pity, a brave Charity nevertheless, one deserving of respect as well. For the secret, whereof the first faint whisperings had been striving to make themselves heard of late, was gradually discovering itself, and the low voice, if she cared to listen to it, was ready to speak up boldly and plainly now.

But that was what she would not permit. It was a little aching spot at present, but if not regarded, it might cease to ache in time. These sort of wounds do

not heal any the quicker for care and attention; far better to ignore them. But these pleasant past ten days, all this walking and skating, talking and billiard-playing, would not, she felt, in the future of her life, count quite for nought.

"You have been a long time," he said, and there was something in his tone which brought a delicate flush into Miss Warburton's cheek.

"I am sorry," she replied. "Have I really kept you waiting? Let us have our game at once, or Pollie will be wanting me to go and take her place in the library. I have promised to go at twelve."

"I do not want to play," he said slowly.

"I want to talk to you."

"Then you have lured me here under false pretences, I think," she made answer in a would-be playful manner; nevertheless she *did* move a few steps nearer the fireplace as she spoke, to hear what he had to say.

But before he had time to break the silence, the door was opened again to admit Pollie—an anxious, harassed-looking Pollie.

"Charity dear, the second post is in, and"—with a sudden, impetuous haste—"father wants you to come at once and answer Cousin Felix's letter."

"Cousin Felix," repeated Charity faintly, the color slowly fading away; "oh, Pollie!"

"He is in London," went on Pollie excitedly; "he did not even come here *first*, but he has written, and father wants you to go and write to him."

"Oh, poor Charity," went on Pollie, taking the two slim white hands in hers, utterly heedless of the spectator of this little drama, who was leaning up against the mantelshelf. What possible interest could it have for him?

"Oh, poor Charity, I would have written, I offered to do so, but father said he would rather you did it."

"Of course," said Charity, very low. "Why, Pollie," with a faint attempt at speaking lightly, "I am the eldest, I cannot have you take all my duties from me! You two," but she did not give a glance towards the tall figure on the hearthrug, "must play together. You will have time for a good game before luncheon," and she turned away.

"Oh, Mr. Weston," cried Pollie, as the door closed behind the slight figure, "he is coming now. He is actually in England," with a little gasp.

"When is he coming?"

Mr. Weston was no longer a calm, dis-

interested spectator, there was something of fire and energy in his dark eyes.

"Wednesday next week, and to-day is Thursday."

"Wednesday," he repeated; "that is the day of Lady Burnett's fancy ball, is it not?"

"Yes, Charity is going, and you also, are you not?"

"I think not, I shall probably have left by then."

"Are you going away?" cried Pollie. "I am so sorry."

"That is very kind of you, Miss Pollie. The world is not so very wide; perhaps we may meet again."

But Pollie shook her head disconsolately.

"I shall go away," she said, "I cannot play. I can think of nothing but cousin Felix and poor Charity—I must go and see what she is doing. But," turning back and glancing up at the steady eyes, which looked so sympathetic, "all the same I thank you very much for having been so kind. I am sure if you *could* have thought of a plan, you would. I wish," a little wistfully, "that my plan had been a right one, because it might have done some good."

"Abusing Felix, eh, to your father?"

"Yes, but still it would have been mean, I know. Charity would not have done it, so," with a sigh—"but it does seem a pity that she did not have a chance!"

"She shall have a chance," said Mr. Weston with sudden determination, and drawing himself very upright as he spoke—spoke almost more to himself than to Pollie. "Such as it is, she shall have it."

And then Pollie crept away sorrowful and heavy-hearted, for Mr. Weston's vague promises did not impress her with much hope or comfort.

CHAPTER III.

RAIN, rain, still pouring hopelessly, steadily down, now at four o'clock just as it had done at ten this morning.

Pollie, forgetting her sorrows for the moment, is deep in a story of such vivid interest, that she is lost to the whole outside world, as she follows the adventures of her heroine step by step, seated in the fire's glow, on a low stool at Mr. Weston's feet. He, Cousin Sarah, and Mr. Warburton have been discussing some question of America *versus* England; this has occupied them for the last hour, but now tea has been brought in, and the tea-maker being absent, there have been sundry vain endeavors to attract the attention

of Miss Pollie, and send her in search of her sister.

"Let me go," said Mr. Weston, speaking almost eagerly for him, rising as he spoke, as if to put no out of the question. "I suppose I shall find her in the schoolroom," and he was gone before any one could prevent him.

Directly he opened the door, he saw his guess had been correct, for the girl he was in search of was seated in the shabby old armchair, drawn up close to the fire. Yes, of course it was Miss Warburton, though in a way, unlike her, for there was something in the attitude of the girl strongly suggestive of tears.

At the opening of the door, however, the head was raised a little, and a sufficiently steady voice asked: "Is that you, Pollie?" Then immediately added in rather a startled tone: "Mr. Weston!"

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Weston. You know you were called away out of the billiard-room this morning, before I had time to say what I wanted to say, so now I have followed you up here to go on with my story."

He had crossed the room whilst speaking, and was now standing in his accustomed attitude before her, one arm resting on the mantelshelf. He spoke quietly, very quietly, but there was something in his calm, determined tones that made Charity lift her head and say quickly, but very gently: "No, please do not go on with it. I think I would rather not hear it." But as she lifted her head to speak, the firelight shining across her face betrayed a gleam of tears on the dark eyelashes.

"But you *shall* hear it," he said with sudden determination, kneeling by her side and clasping her hands in his. "Charity, dear Charity, I love you! You know it, you must know it. Will you forget what a short time we have known each other, and promise to be my wife?"

"I cannot," in a soft, low voice, but with the words, splash fell a large tear on to the hand that held hers.

"What are you crying for?" without heeding her words. "You were crying when I came in: you have been unhappy all day. May I not even know what is the matter?"

But there was no reply.

"Charity!" she started at the word.

"You must not call me that," she said.

"You must give me a reason then. I cannot take your words yet as an answer to my question, for, Charity, I love you!"

"But you must!" she cried, drawing

away her hands from his, and rising to her feet with sudden decision. "My answer to your question is 'No.'"

The tears were gone now; she was standing opposite him, the width of the fireplace between them — the stately Charity Warburton he had first known — and he felt very much further apart from her than he had done from the tearful girl seated in the old armchair.

Nevertheless he was in earnest, and no fancied separation should affect him. So he took a couple of steps nearer to her, till he stood by her side once more. She did not shrink away from him, but stood perfectly still, only she never raised her eyes. Then, — "You do *not* love me?" That was what he said quite low, as he thus paused beside her. He waited what might have been a whole minute in perfect silence, the only sound the noisy ticking of the clock, and then with an impatient movement he turned away.

"Silence means consent," then he said a little bitterly. "I will not bother you any more. Good-bye, Miss Warburton!"

She had not looked up till then, but as he said those words, almost involuntarily she raised her eyes to his, and all their sad story was so easy to read. Even then she made no answer in words, made no attempt to prevent his departure.

But Mr. Weston turned back at once. "Charity," he said, in a troubled voice, "look up," and she obeyed.

"Charity," he went on, a red flush for a moment appearing on his dark cheek, "I believe," with a momentary hesitation, "that you *do* like me."

"Mr. Weston," she replied, clasping her two hands tightly together, and her low voice grew lower still as she spoke, "if I tell you one thing you will understand why you must go away at once, and never speak to me any more. I am to marry Cousin Felix."

"Yes," he said, "so I have been told." He did not mention Pollie's name, and Charity never thought of her.

Her father was the person she did think of; but what did it matter after all? In a little while every one would know it, only — "Mr. Weston, then *if* you knew it —"

"You think I should not have spoken. But I do not see that. You are not engaged to him. It is only fair I should take my chance, and I have taken it. And I believe," with sudden vehemence, "that if there were no Cousin Felix in the case, I should have won you. Is it not so? Say yes, Charity."

"It is very hard!" she cried, not an-

swering his words. "I have caused you trouble, and yet I have tried so hard to do right, and everything seems wrong."

"Don't look like that, Charity. You shall do right, or rather, what you think right. I shall not try to prevent you! I will go away to-night, or to-morrow morning, and you shall never see me again, and you shall sacrifice yourself as you see fit, or rather as your father sees fit, for it is for his sake, I suppose, you are doing it. But first of all, dry your tears, forget all I have said to you, remember only what friends we have been these last three weeks, and tell me the whole story. Perhaps a door of escape may yet open!"

But though Charity shook her head at that, she allowed herself to be calmed by his friendly words, and to be enticed back to her favorite seat.

And then she poured forth the whole story, as she had learned to know it so well of late, and almost unknowingly to herself, contrived at the same time to let the secret of her own young heart be clearly seen by the dark, watchful eyes.

"Now I have told you everything," she said, "as you asked me, and," hesitating, "of course it was fair you should know, as" — and here she paused, but the wistful looks in the pretty eyes said the rest.

"Yes," said her listener, "I have heard it all, and my opinion is that you are wrong. No, you must listen to me now." Perhaps Mr. Weston had been a little deceived by Charity's girlish, shrinking manner; had not quite realized the strong, powerful will that lay beneath it.

"No," she said, in those soft, firm tones he had learned to know. "You mean well, but I do not want to hear the other side of it. There may be one, of course, but it does not affect me. Father wishes it, and that is all I care to know."

"But Charity" — Mr. Weston was firing his last shots now, in the intervals of pacing up and down the room, and Charity was seated very still and upright, with folded hands, to receive them. "But Charity, if *he* knew — your father, I mean — that you did not want it —"

"He will never know."

"He should know; things are different now even to what they were three weeks ago, when you first promised him."

"Things are just the same as far as Felix and I are concerned," she answered, though her cheeks grew a shade whiter. "Father is old and blind, and

trusts me; he shall never know that," her voice faltered, "I was tempted to break my trust."

Mr. Weston turned away in silence, and took another turn the whole length of the room ere speaking.

"And Felix?" then he questioned. "When he comes, he," with a sort of triumph in his tones, "may not like you."

"Then I shall be free. My pride," with a half laugh, "will not be much hurt."

"And supposing," he was standing still now, looking down with tender, pitiful eyes on her slight, upright figure, "supposing he should wish to marry you for — for the sake of other things, although —"

"Although he did not like me?" Her voice trembled a little then, but she went on quite firmly, "You must not say that. We have agreed, Pollie and I, not to believe anything against him until we see him. You must not let me break that promise." Mr. Weston turned abruptly away.

"You have conquered," then he said. "I shall go; I do not care to stay in this happy home any longer. But tell me first, did you write to Warburton to-day?"

"Yes; he wants to come next Wednesday or Thursday."

"And what did you say to him?"

"Just what my father told me: that we should be glad to see him."

"Nothing else?" There was a shadow of anxiety in his tone.

"Nothing," lifting her sweet eyes to his, but a shade of color swept over her face as she spoke.

He noted it, though he made no further remark — perhaps noted it with a half doubt, but she had spoken the truth. Was there any necessity to own to the great tear that had fallen right in the centre of the neat "Charity Warburton" — a tear, which would, if the postboy had not been waiting for the letters, have necessitated a fresh sheet of paper, but under the circumstances was quite impossible? So she had folded it up, and posted it, with a momentary passing thought — would he care? — even if he had known. Her tears and her smiles were alike immaterial to him, and she had only recalled it at the sound of Edward Weston's pitying voice.

"I am going, then, Charity," he went on, "so this is good-bye, for even if I see you again, it will not be alone. But remember, I shall watch and wait. If," speaking very quietly, "if Warburton comes and you do not marry him, I shall come back. Do you understand?"

"Yes." The tears were gathering thickly now, but she brushed them away, and raised her head. "Yes, but I would rather that you did not think of it. I know myself that I shall marry Cousin Felix."

"So be it. Whatever happens, I shall never regret that I have known you. I think, Charity" — his voice falling — "you are the sweetest, bravest woman I ever met. Such a daughter would make a good wife to any one!"

Courage, Charity, it is nearly over now.

These fights are very hard, and a woman's weapons are so few, and her buckler so easily pierced, but then every victory gained is fresh strength for what follows. "Good-bye, Mr. Weston," laying a small hand in his, and for the last time lifting her eyes to those dark ones she had learned to love. "I shall not go down again to-night, so this is, in truth, good-bye. I also," with a momentary pause, "shall always remember with pleasure that you were my friend."

He said nothing more. For a second he laid his other hand over the little one that rested in his, and then without one backward glance he went.

"Good-bye, Miss Pollie," as, his farewells all said, Mr. Weston stood in the hall preparatory to driving to the station.

"Good-bye, Mr. Weston; Charity is not down yet. She had a headache last night, and that has made her lazy this morning. I must say good-bye for both of us. Have you," coming a step nearer, "thought of anything yet?"

"I gave her a chance, Miss Pollie, as I told you I would," buttoning himself into his ulster as he spoke, "but she would not take it."

"Thank you, Mr. Weston," said Pollie gravely, "I knew you would try. But, you see, Charity is not like us. She would think things mean that we might think quite fair."

"No, she is not like us," was all Mr. Weston said, as he got up into the dog-cart, and kissed his hand to Pollie, who stood on the doorstep to watch him out of sight.

Once more Charity and her sister are seated over the bedroom fire, discussing dress and similar frivolities, for this is Wednesday, and the night of Lady Burnett's fancy ball.

This has been a long week, Charity thinks; it seems a great deal more than a few days since Mr. Weston said good-

bye to her in the darkening schoolroom. But one thing there remains to be thankful for. The last train is in from London, and Cousin Felix has not arrived, so she is at liberty to go to her ball, undisturbed by any ideas of the coming shadow until to-morrow. So she strives to forget the dark eyes that spoke of love to her, and to interest herself, as Pollie is doing, in the powdering of her hair, the arrangement of the white lace cap and muslin fichu, which are to mark her out, in her plain black dress, as a Royalist of republican France.

"Mrs. Sayer will be here directly, Charity," for Cousin Sarah's ball-going days were over, and Miss Warburton was to have the benefit of Mrs. Sayer's matronly wing to protect her. "Where are your mittens? Now here is your fan. Do open it, and let me see how you look. Oh, beautiful! Dear Charity, how I wish I were going with you!"

"In two years, Pollie; only two years."

"In two years; why then, Charity, you will —"

But Miss Warburton did not wait to hear what would have become of her in two years. "My cloak, Pollie. Come, I hear the carriage." And with a kiss, Charity hastened away.

Once in the ballroom, amidst the lights and music, for the moment Charity forgot all her troubles. She tried so hard *not* to remember, that perhaps that partly helped her, so she danced and enjoyed herself, and the color heightened in her cheeks, until sorrowful past and uncertain future were alike merged in the present.

"I thought Mr. Weston had gone," Mrs. Sayer once remarked to Charity, meeting her.

"Yes," said Charity quickly, "he has gone — left us, I mean."

"But he is here," said Mrs. Sayer; "I have just met him. I suppose," not wishing to detain the girl from the waltz just beginning, "that he is staying somewhere else in the neighborhood."

Charity supposed so also, as there seemed nothing else to say, and turned away with her partner. She must be mistaken, was her own thought.

But after this dance fresh agitation was in store for her.

"Miss Warburton," said Lady Burnett, stopping her, "there is a gentleman here who wishes to be introduced to you. I think he came with Mr. Weston; his name is the same as yours, so perhaps he may turn out to be an unknown relation. May I bring him?"

"Yes, I should be glad," said Charity, with whitening cheeks.

Then he had come at last, and Mr. Weston had brought him, so that he might see for himself the effect that Cousin Felix would have upon her. "But I shall not flinch now," she thought, "the worst was over long ago." And for one second only her memory wavered back to the schoolroom in the twilight, and to the dark eyes that had there looked into hers.

"Come, Miss Warburton, shall we explore this conservatory? It looks cool and pleasant."

It did, indeed; and Miss Warburton, with willing feet, turned in amongst the flowers, where the softened light of the Chinese lanterns was more merciful; not quite so demonstrative of paling cheeks as the glare of the ballroom.

"A capital 'get up,'" remarked her partner by-and-by, looking in the direction of the doorway.

And Charity, looking too, saw enter a tall figure clad in black armor from head to foot; but only one part of the knight's dress, that was so perfect as to have called forth the admiration of her companion, arrested her attention. His right arm was in a sling.

"Cousin Felix, Cousin Felix!" Her quick-beating heart seemed saying his name aloud, as he advanced slowly to her, Lady Burnett by his side.

"I do not understand," Miss Warburton heard her say, as they approached; "but never mind, I shall be sure to see you again by-and-by."

Then they drew nearer yet.

"Mr. Warburton, Charity, wants to be introduced to you."

And Charity bowed a little wonderingly towards the mail-clad figure.

"Mr. Paget," went on Lady Burnett, turning towards Charity's companion, "will you kindly take me back to the ballroom?"

And Mr. Paget rising, he and Lady Burnett departed together.

A great desire came over Charity to rise and hasten after them; but it was not to be. The moment had come to put her resolution to the test; she would not fail now, so she brought her eyes back from their long look after Lady Burnett's form to the man beside her, and, gazing straight before her, addressed him.

"I suppose you are Cousin Felix," she said gently. "Then you must have come this afternoon after all?"

"Yes, I was at the inn, and as I knew

you were to be here, I thought I would come."

"How did you know it?" she asked, still trying to quiet her beating pulses, and all intent on speaking calmly.

"From Weston. He met me, and told me you were coming, so we agreed to drive over together. I have just been explaining it to Lady Burnett. When I got your letter," after a few minutes' pause, "I determined to come at once."

"Why?"

Out of his glove he took a letter that Charity recognized at once, and reddened when she saw. She watched it nervously as he opened it, and showed her her own handwriting.

"When I saw *that*," he said, pointing to the great telltale teardrop across the signature, "I made up my mind to come *at once*."

"Why?" again asked Charity.

"Because," speaking in a lower tone, "I knew you were unhappy."

At those words Charity raised her eyes for the first time, and then quickly and impetuously rising to her feet,—

"I wish I could see your face," she said hesitatingly.

Without a word he took off the disguising helmet, and disclosed a smooth, dark head, and a pair of dark eyes that Charity Warburton knew only too well.

"I thought it was you," she said, with almost a sob, "when first I heard your voice, and of course I knew you when I looked up. But why did you do it—why? You promised, you know," taking a step away from him as she spoke. "Don't you remember, that"—a little disjointedly—"that you promised?"

But before she could escape, a hand on her arm detained her.

"You promised too, Charity. You promised that you would listen to Cousin Felix, though you would not to Mr. Weston, so you must stay now."

"But," cried Charity, despair in her tones at the thought that the battle was not over even yet, "you are not Cousin Felix—you are —"

"But I *am* Cousin Felix. How else could I have received this?" raising the tear-stained letter to his lips as he spoke. "I *am* Cousin Felix," drawing her closer to him, and looking down into the wondering, upraised eyes, "and over and over again you have told me that you will marry him and no other. And remember I have been hardly dealt with hitherto. I have heard nothing but evil of myself. I have even been asked to strive to blacken

my own character! But to-day, Charity," with sweet, tender emphasis, "that is all altered, and I am not going to let you escape me. With your own lips you told me long ago, that whenever I came to claim you, you were mine—and now the hour has come!"

And at last Charity understood. Understood that there was no more need to veil her eyes from the loving fire in his; understood that hand and heart might go together; that there was no one in the wide, wide world she would choose, if she could, to take the place of Cousin Felix.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BESIEGED IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE DEFENCE OF STANDERTON.

It was Sunday afternoon, the 19th December, 1880, and I was lounging in the verandah of my hotel in Pietermaritzburg, digesting the invariable Sunday early dinner of the colony, when a friend passing by, stopped and asked me if I had heard the news.

"Have not you heard it yet?" he asked; "why, the Boers have taken Heidelberg, Joubert is commander-in-chief, and Paul Kruger president of the South African Republic, which they have proclaimed."

"Well, if it's true, that starts me," I thought, throwing away the stump of my cigar, and going off to the club to hear the news confirmed.

Some weeks before this, when the first symptoms of the Boer rebellion began to be heard of, I had seen the general, Sir G. Colley, and placed my services at his disposal.

"I don't want to go, sir," I had said; "of course, I dislike the Transvaal more than I can say; but if you think there is any necessity for my going, I am ready to start at an hour's notice."

And indeed, before I was half-way to the club, I found that I had been taken at my word,—a short note from the adjutant-general, asking me if I was prepared to start by the mail-cart that left for Newcastle next Tuesday morning, to take command of the town and garrison of Standerton on the Vaal River, some sixty miles within the Transvaal. Of course I was ready—soldiers always are ready for active service—and the next day had an interview with Sir George, when I received my instructions.

He was seated in his comfortable study in Government House, the roomy bay-window looking across the lawn to a group of semi-tropical trees; a water-color picture of a skirmish in Ashantee over the fireplace; a massive oak desk strewn with papers and well-bound books; a cosy armchair beside it, in which he was sitting, and another for myself at its side. Continually the door would open for a message or telegram, — now brought by Macgregor the military secretary, now by Elwes the aide-de-camp — both since gone with the rest.

"You will find Standerton an excellent position for defence," the general said. "Just get into the laager there, strengthen it, take care they don't get at you unawares, and hold till I come. Troops are starting already; we have wired to India for more. By the 20th of next month I shall be there, or thereabouts, and we shall march together on Heidelberg. Don't attack; act on the defensive, and wait till I come. Get up some volunteers; set the heliograph in working order; and look after the telegraph line."

"Suppose they come at me, am I to fire?" I asked.

"Yes: tell them to stop; and if they don't, make them!"

Then we shook hands, and I left him: he to see others, and arrange further plans in that comfortable study; I to pack, wish good-bye, and bump up-country in a mail-cart, doubtful if I should ever get beyond Newcastle. Who would have said that we were never to meet again? who, if that were granted, would have ventured to say that, of the two, he was to be the one taken?

Travellers by mail-cart in South Africa carry but a small amount of baggage, — military men more than others, their allowance being forty pounds; and my forty pounds was soon made up. A saddle and bridle — absolute necessities in the country — took half at once; the moiety was a change of clothes, soap, toothbrush, and towel, — the lot to last through a campaign that promised to extend over several months at least. My sword I managed to smuggle in unperceived with a blanket and rug to sleep under; and with every pocket full, I climbed into the front seat beside the driver, and behind six spanking ponies, gave one last parting wave to those left behind, and was off down the dusty street towards the big hill behind the town, beyond which lies that *terra incognita*, "up-country."

We were six, including the driver, a black man from the old colony; a young lady held on somewhat tenderly by a tall, black-whiskered parson, who introduced himself as the chaplain to the new Bishop of Zululand; and a couple of storekeepers also bound up-country.

How we did roll, and sway, and bump, and tumble! "Bumps!" cried the black driver; and bumps it was, landing me as often as not on the foot-board, and the young lady, pleasantly enough, to judge by his face, on the parson's broad knees. Mail-cart travelling in Natal must be endured to be enjoyed; and it must be a strange, strong man who can enjoy it even then.

We passed strings of wagons hopelessly stuck in the deep mud; straggling lines of soldiers, marching on towards the front; the two seven-pounders afterwards heard of in such terrible straits in the battles that were to come, the fat black horses only too good a mark for Boer rifles, and Charlie P — in command trotting cheerily by their side. At night we put up at the so-called hotels by the roadside, timing our journey so as to reach one by nightfall, and starting in the cold grey of the following morning. Wretched little drinking-shops were these hotels, where we ate things indescribable, and turned in between blankets, in clothes, boots and all, glad to put honest cloth between our bodies and the brown crust which age and previous travellers had laid upon the bedclothes. A cup of coffee at five o'clock, the driver sloping in to beg another glass of *schnapps*; "All aboard" from the same, and "Bumps" again for the next dozen hours.

Thursday morning early — it was the 23d — we reached Newcastle, having been just forty-six hours in doing one hundred and eighty miles, and we found on inquiry that the mail-cart on to Pretoria had ceased to run; for the last two days it had not come in, being detained by the Boers.

Here was what I had feared. I had still eighty miles before me, and the last telegram said that Standerton was expected hourly to be attacked. Let that once come off, and all hope of getting into the place was at an end.

I could hardly ride it, even if I had horses fit for the journey; and a soldier without his sword is half-way towards a civilian, while to carry one full-speed for eighty miles on a horse, means to let it go. At last I found a man who had a "spider" which he was willing to let out

for the trip; and as luck would have it — all through life I have always been a lucky fellow — the owner of the post-cart was in Newcastle, his horses still along the road, and he willing to run me through. In half an hour the "spider" was hired. Murray, the post-cart owner, had bought a new whip, and had gone out to drive in his first team; while I was hard at work putting down breakfast, the last it might be for some time, and I consequently made a good one.

I was still busy eating when Murray came in to say the road was infested with Boer patrols, who stopped every vehicle, and had already taken two officers prisoners; the houses where we should change horses might be expected to be full of the same, and it would be as well if I could disguise myself a trifle. An officer to a Boer was specially obnoxious: even if they let me pass, they would be sure to insult me, perhaps worse.

Now I found how hard it is to put off the British officer at will. The moustache, the cropped hair, the cut of one's clothes, turn up as evidence against you. By regulation an officer may not shave his moustache, and this gave mine a respite, perhaps only too gladly; close-cropped hair won't grow in a day; slop-clothes can be purchased, it is true, but there is an affection innate in every man's heart for his own raiment. There was, moreover, the sword, helmet, and revolver, all indispensable. I bought a wide-brimmed, slouch-hat of the kind much affected by the Dutch, took off collar and necktie, rubbed up my hair, forgot to wash my face, and called in on the manager of the bank to ask for a letter describing me as a young man sent up to the branch at Heidelberg to arrange business. This, after certain compunctions, he gave me, and I was ready to start. My sword was crammed under the seat; the helmet got in behind under the saddle; revolvers — Murray had his as well as I had mine — were laid at our feet without an attempt to conceal them, both loaded, — it was no time for ceremony; and so we started.

Across the river, then swollen with the late rains, past Fort Amiel nestling on the hill beyond, and then up the face of the Drakensberg, mile after mile, always up and always steep. At the "out-spans," where the tin stables of the relays were kept, we found the Kaffir boys away, and the horses straying far abroad on the hills; and it took both time and patience to fetch them in.

So we drove up the now historical "Slanting Heights;" across the Ingogo; past Savory and Bates's store, the Amajuba frowning on our left; and at last, as dusk began to settle over it, climbed "the Nek." A few wagons, coming down with families "on the trek" from the threatening war in front, were all we met: the road was deserted, and we were glad to pull up at Walker's neat cottage at Coldstream, and sit down to tea poured out by his pleasant-faced English wife, and have a romp with the children before starting.

It was now 9 P.M., and very dark. The stream which is the boundary of the Transvaal ran at the bottom of the garden; beyond lay a long fifteen miles of bog and morass, across which in daylight it took good pilotage to drive. Now it was pitchy dark, hardly a star in the sky; and the croakers, as usual, prophesied the worst if we attempted it. So we heard them out in silence, and then Murray asked me if I would try it.

"Can you do it, Murray?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer, Murray not being very talkative.

"Then we'll be off at once;" and by the light of a lantern, we got the ponies in, and Walker showed us down to the "drift," and wished us a hearty good-bye — "and look out for the road, for it's precious bad."

And very bad it was, and very dark. I remember well on our left was the sky-line quite close to us. We were driving along the bottom of a small valley, and the clouds, which were thick and fleecy above this sky-line, looked like clumps of trees, spreading elms, just such as stand about in parks at home. Now and again we crossed this sky-line, and drove into, as it seemed, these trees, and I involuntarily felt myself putting up my arm to ward off the branches.

Once Murray stopped dead after driving slowly for some time, and broke the dead silence, —

"We're off the road; take the reins, and I'll look for it."

So he got down, the "spider" following across slushy pits and boulders; roads everywhere in the ghastly light, and Murray just visible in front with his face to the ground.

All at once — we had scouted about for a good half-hour — he came up, —

"All right; here's Meek's fence." And I could make out a dim line of posts, with wire stretched between, on our right. Then he climbed in and we drove on:

and by-and-by a light shone out ahead, and the light showed something black behind it; and turning towards it, we were in front of a long, low building, known far and near as "Meek's store."

An elderly man was Meek, well known on the roads which met here. He wanted us to come in; but we had been warned against his house as a likely rendezvous for Boers, so we took the usual drain of "square-face," and set out again, with his parting words in our ears, —

"Take care how you drive — the road's mortal rutty; they've been mending it just now, and the Boers have stopped them. You'll pass Van der Schyff's ten mile on; you'd best keep close, he's bad against the British, and there's a lot of the same kind living with him."

The road lay along a stony valley perhaps half a mile in width, with low hills on either side. Now and then at intervals were *vleys*, marshes knee-deep in water, and often overhead in treacherous mud; and across these, drains had been cut to take the water off. Where the road crossed these *vleys* the water was deep and still, shining ghastly white across it, warning us away. So with a plunge and a snort the horses wheeled round, and we went up the hill on our right till the stream must have narrowed, when we turned, and took it with a dash, the light trap jerking across, down one bank and up the other, with a shock that sent me down where the revolvers lay more than once.

"That's Van der Schyff's," said Murray, as we passed a dark thing on our left; and he didn't crack his whip for a mile or more. The man had been appointed general of the district by the Boers, and was putting up their patrols, which we knew by day infested the roads.

All this time night was wearing on, and Sand Spruit, the next stage, seemed never nearer.

"I hope we'll find the horses at 'Wool Wash,'" said Murray; "if they have trekked, the horses will be gone too, and it's another fifteen miles to Paade Kop where the next are: it will be a bit hard on the brutes."

"Wool Wash" is the local name for an establishment for sheep-washing which a couple of enterprising Englishmen had set up on the small river called Sand Spruit — a bad place at the best to cross, and one which, with tired horses, if the others did not turn up, would be almost impossible.

Just at midnight we saw a small tin

house, a tent, and an unfinished building peer out ahead.

"That's 'Wool Wash,' and there's a light, so they are not off yet," remarked Murray, breaking another long silence as we drove up and stopped, while a shirt-clad figure shading a candle in a flat candlestick came out to greet us.

"Who's that? Murray? Oh, all right; thought it was a Boer sent to 'commandeer' us. Get down. Who's that with you?" were the observations we met, and in less time than it takes to tell, we were sitting inside the little tent, with the "Wool Wash," two big fellows in their shirts, evidently roused out of bed, sitting on it opposite, calling for coffee, and asking us the news.

"Walker's not trekked yet? They're all off from hereabouts, and we start tomorrow: it's fighting, and no mistake. Van der Schyff has two hundred at his farm. Didn't they stop you? There are lots they did. I don't think you'll get through, with an officer too. Barrett's news is bad, isn't it?"

"No! what is that?" we asked.

"He's just come down from Middleburg, and would have been here, only the patrol chased him back. Bad news too: the 94th cut up, two hundred and two killed and wounded, forty-eight prisoners. They left two wagons and ten men to bury the dead, and took all the rest. The colonel's shot and eight others, and one of the women. Barrett told them the Boers intended to attack, but the colonel didn't believe it, and now they're all dead. Barrett's face was awful. I think he saw the whole thing. The Boers put up a white flag, and shot them down before they could shoot back."

And this was how I heard of the massacre of my poor regiment.

The tent was hot and stuffy, and I was glad to get out and walk about in the dark, cool air, and try to think that it was not true. The friends of the last twenty years murdered, and I going on to meet, perhaps, the same fate. It was a bitter thought, and I paced up and down, and took the coffee they brought me, like a daft man, and walked again, and thought, and thought, and still only thought. It was one of those moments that can only come to a man once in his life, and I thank God that mine has come to me, and passed, and cannot come again.

Above was the dull, cloudy night; close by the sullen river, just speaking over the rocks to tell me it was waiting for me presently; across the veldt a group of

natives jabbering, and trying to drive in our horses; and at my elbow the "Wool Wash," kindly pressing me to drink more coffee, and stringing tales together of how the Boers were all about us. We got away at last, and dashed into the river, the water over the seat of the "spider," the opposite bank like a wall, and the horses, only two of them fresh ones, looking as if every moment they would topple backwards over us. But I seemed to care but little; my thoughts were all with that sad day, and the awful sight which met me everywhere in the darkness.

At 4 A.M. we got down under a low flat-topped hill, Paade Kop, at the door of a small inn, and after much calling roused up the proprietor, also in his shirt, who asked us in, and lit a candle, and pressed us to eat of the remains of supper still on the table — half a boiled fowl, some bread and lumps of butter, the dirty plates standing about, spilled salt, bread-crumbs, and slops of "square-face:" not a tempting meal, and one I neither ate nor wanted. One feeling only was present, to get on and be with my men before it was too late.

Dawn was already breaking as we set out, never less welcome than on that morning; and dozing off by starts, waking with some queer dream across my brain, I watched the red glow creeping across the grey, and thought it never came so fast before. Then the long level road grew out, and we stretched our necks, looking out for any figure riding down it, and caught each other glancing at the revolvers at our feet, and felt about as uncomfortable as most men can feel.

There was still a drive of good twenty miles before us, and there was no knowing but what Standerton had been attacked — it might have fallen. Every farm about held men who hated us, and the country was so open we could be seen for miles.

Once a speck in front grew out of the horizon, and we watched it coming nearer, and at last saw that it was a man riding to meet us. We never took our eyes off him; one was as bad as fifty — he could give the alarm, and we should never reach our journey's end; and it was unspeakable relief when he turned out to be only a native, and one of Murray's servants.

However, we were fated to be in luck, and the little town came into sight, Standerton's Kop on its left, a hill to be well

known throughout the siege; and I saw the tents standing up below it, and the men walking about between them as if no Boers were near; and then we dashed into the river, and half wading, half swimming, got across and into the town, and in another minute I was in the middle of old friends, shaking hands, and answering their puzzled questions as to how I got through so safely.

Everything was naturally in the wildest confusion. In the foreground stood a second "spider," on the point of starting for Heidelberg with the Bishop of Pretoria, who, nothing daunted by the certainty of capture, resolved to get through, trusting to his cloth to enable him to do so in safety. Near him was a stout man, dressed as an Englishman, who by his well-shaved chin and ruddy cheeks might have been either English or Dutch. This was the Landdrost, the chief civil magistrate of the town and district, and a man I had soon, as matters turned out, constant work with. Most prompt and willing I found him, indispensable in his accurate knowledge of the people, almost the one man with whom, through all the long three months to come, I could sit down to a *tête-à-tête* certain that I should learn something from his conversation.

In the centre of the little town, which consisted of some fifty tin-roofed — some tin altogether — houses, was a substantial stone building, the court-house, Landdrost's office, and jail. The windows had been pulled out, the doors unhung, and in their place bags piled up full of earth, small holes being left for the rifles. Bustling in and about this were numbers of soldiers in shirt-sleeves carrying in more bags, planks, barrels for water-supply, provisions, ammunition, and other things necessary in a siege. A little further off was a second house, also in the same state, with more soldiers hurrying about; and away again on the road towards Heidelberg was the hotel, now doing a limited business on its own account, while more soldiers were doing the same work by it as had been done to the other houses. Taking the Landdrost aside, I found that he had heard some indefinite rumors of the disaster to the 94th; and these coming from another source than that from which my information had come, I got him to show me into the telegraph office to tell the tale below.

The telegraph office was in a room in the court-house, and I had first to squeeze myself between two piles of mealie-bags that closed the main entrance, then in

through a room full of soldiers hammering, and so into the small office, its windows also blocked up, dimly lighted in consequence, its floor scattered with *débris*, telegraph forms lying about under foot, the only sign of civilization left being the tiny instrument on the table, clicking its news, and the clerk taking down the words as they unwound themselves on the endless roll of paper coming from it. The wire had been cut daily, and it was all but hopeless to try to send a message, and I was lucky to find the line open. Later on in the day I went in again and received the answer to mine of the morning, the last I was destined to get, and one I was just too late to reply to, the line failing at that instant. Next day I sent down it, and found it cut in twenty places, the wire chopped into short lengths a yard long, the poles thrown down by threes and fours.

The message with its news, the last we heard for ninety-two days, was: "Your action approved by general; artillery will push on to Newcastle, but not a man is to proceed beyond that station without special orders from headquarters." So we knew that a concentration of troops at the frontier town was in progress. The next message I received three months after the first, by hand from Newcastle, where it had lain ever since its arrival shortly after the despatch of the other, its cheering words unheard by us till the hand that wrote it lay with the rest under the turf of the Drakensberg. The message said:—

"Dec. 24th. — General highly approves of your prompt action, and hopes you will give a good account of Boers if attacked. Send messenger to Boer camp to ask after wounded and offer services of a surgeon, and try to get them sent into our lines." Cheering words to us poor beleaguered ones they would have been, and breathing the well-loved spirit of him who sent them in every line. Murray, who had driven me, was starting back. He was safe enough, well known on the road, and without a hated redcoat as a passenger, was sure to get through. So I got into a small back room in the hotel and scribbled off a few hasty lines to the dear ones at home — the last they too would get throughout weary months of waiting.

It was a thought that came up often enough during that time, that if we shut-up ones had the danger and the bullets for our share, those at home had far worse — the anxiety of dead silence about those they loved, the dread of what tidings the

news might bring when it came; and, as usual in the world, the stronger had the less to bear.

The letter written, I drove up to the fort — a mile away, on rising ground to the south of the town — and found things quieter there. The fort — or laager, as it was then called — was a low earthwork with a ditch round it, at one part deep, for the rest only a mere scratch. Through the centre ran a thick wall, with a tin roof sloping on one side — the place forming an open shed, once a stable. Everywhere the earthen parapets had fallen down, leaving great breaches which had been partially filled in with mealie-bags of mould; piles of stones fallen from the walls lay about. Inside all was dirt and muddle. It had been used since construction as a commissariat store, and was littered with boxes, bags, tents, and all kinds of stores, in admirable confusion. Tents, pitched anyhow, tripped you up with their ropes; a troop of curs loafed about on the look-out for garbage; and a pony was picketed to a tent-peg, and munched away contentedly in a circle of filth, which showed that the spot had been his stable for some time past.

These were matters which, as the siege went on, mended themselves. Horses could not pass the entrance if they had wished it — it was too narrow. Dogs were rigidly excluded: a somewhat dilapidated old soldier standing at the gate, with such terrible orders against the whole canine race, that one day, on a sneaking cur getting past him, he was seen, capless and breathless, pursuing the brute through the fort, with whirling stick, and yells almost red Indian in their ferocity, till both he and the cur fell into the ditch outside, and had to be picked out carefully.

The fort inspected, we did a bit of the old Zulu game, and "manned the laager," to show the men their places — a game in which our previous experience, when marching on Ulundi, stood in good stead. Every man got round the walls as if by nature born to a loophole, and the array of glittering points sticking out gave our laager a most formidable look when seen from an attacking point of view. One thing had struck me on arrival — that the town was practically open to any one who liked to come in and inspect our defences, one avowed rebel having already been shown round the court-house, and a second driving up as near as he dared to the laager to look at a place which he was the first to fire at a few days later. To put an end to this inquisitiveness, I estab-

lished a strong party to stop every person arriving or going out, with orders to examine them, and, if necessary, to confine them, till I was communicated with; and I found the plan work admirably. One small man, some five feet in stature, a lawyer's agent, held in great esteem by the Boers as one of their best advocates, was among the first to be arrested when attempting to leave, being then and there put under a sentry. This same prisoner afterwards became one of my leading volunteers, and towards the end acted as the storekeeper when I seized all the provisions in the town and put the inhabitants on a reduced scale of rations.

Now he was inclined to bluster; and after several attempts to get at me, he succeeded, and asked me what I meant by arresting him. I assured him that I did not want to bother him more than I was obliged; but just now all who were not for me were against me; and I ended by advising him to keep quiet and not bother me; "for," I added, "I seem a very quiet man, but I can be very nasty if I like; and if I find you bother me I might shoot you!" My manner was horribly cool; but he saw that I meant it, and went off under escort to see his wife. A little later he returned and asked me if he took the oath of allegiance and joined the volunteers should he be free again. He was walked off to the Landdrost, who administered the oath on the spot, was drafted into the volunteers, and shouldered his rifle throughout the siege as well as any other man. He was, moreover, a fisherman, and often sent me some excellent fish—a treat indeed in a beleaguered town: so there are worse ways of getting round a man than by offering to shoot him.

After this I held a meeting of the inhabitants, when the Landdrost read the last telegram from Sir G. Colley, saying that relief would come on 20th January, up to which date he expected us to be able to hold out; and I made some mild speeches to the effect that they must help to defend themselves, calling on them to come forward as volunteers, foot or horse, letting them choose their own officers, arming and drilling them myself. And so was formed the nucleus of our volunteer corps, which numbered seventy-five men, and did excellent service, as will be seen hereafter.

A committee to provide for the safety of the women and children was formed, of which I was president; and after some deliberation we picked out a large wool-

store in the centre of the town, blocked up the windows with mealie-bags, and put all women and children into it of nights under care of the parson—an arrangement the fair creatures stuck to for a limited time, eventually leaving it for their houses, preferring to risk a stray bullet to encountering the horrors of its mixed population, amongst which might be counted as not the least numerous those insects from which it came to be known as "the Flea Laager."

By this time it was growing dark, and we sat down to a wretched dinner of bad beef and dry bread, washed down by a case of champagne given us by a considerate storekeeper for the occasion. The mess-room was a little stone cottage, very rough, much too small for our party, and extremely dirty. Two barrack tables held the cracked plates and dishes we fed from; boxes for seats were more plentiful than chairs; our food came through a hole in the wall; our wine cellar was a second room opening from our first, its principal occupants a litter of nine puppies who sucked and snored most vigorously; our servants, soldiers somewhat exhilarated, for it was Christmas eve; our conversation, the expected attack and our means of meeting it.

We had got half-way through the tough beef when a man ran in to say the Dutch were on us, and the men in the laager to resist them; so we had to run up too, finding the tents struck and the men standing to their loopholes. But no sign of the Dutch came out. One rather credulous youth declared he heard revolvers going off in town, but they turned out to have been crackers let off by boys in honor of the day—it was Christmas eve—and magnified by a slightly heated imagination into firearms. So we sloped back to our dinner, the beef still standing in a pool of stagnant fat, once gravy, and were glad to wash down our first scare with the champagne, getting off to our tents soon after.

And that was how we spent our Christmas eve.

Our garrison consisted of three hundred and fifty men—three companies 94th and one 58th regiments. These, with the exception of a single company of the 94th, had but just arrived under circumstances of considerable difficulty, always in danger of an attack, when the disaster of Bronker's Spruit might have been repeated. The 94th were met at the border by a brother of Joubert's, an undersized man with dirty nails, who de-

livered a letter to the officer in command, in which he was ordered to halt under peril of an attack. The 58th received a similar letter, amusing enough to copy here. It ran as follows:—

SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC,
HEIDELBERG, December 20, 1880.

*To the Commander-in-chief of
her Majesty's troops on the
road to Pretoria.*

SIR,—We have the honor to inform you that the government of the South African Republic have taken up their residence at Heidelberg.

That a diplomatic commissioner has been sent by them with despatches to his Excellency Sir W. Owen Lanyon.

That until the arrival of his Excellency's answer we do not know whether we are in a state of war or not.

That consequently we cannot allow any movement of troops in our country from your side, and wish you to stop where you are.

We not being in war with her Majesty the queen, nor with the people of England, who we are sure to be on our side if they were acquainted with the position, but only recovering the independence of our country, we do not wish to take to arms, and therefore inform you that any movement of troops from your side will be taken by us as a declaration of war, the responsibility whereof we put on your shoulders, *as we will know what we will have to do.*—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

P. KRUGER,
H. PRETORIUS,
P. J. JOUBERT.

A. BOK,
*Secretary to the South African
Government.*

Neither of these orders was obeyed, the troops of course hurrying on, and arriving safely at Standerton by a forced march. I had thus about three hundred effective men, eleven of them officers, and a population of four hundred and fifty civilians, a large proportion blacks, besides women and children.

Supplies were my first thought: cattle, fortunately, were plentiful, biscuit ample for present wants, and a good supply of lime juice made me independent of vegetables. The town, too, appeared fairly stocked, although the Dutch had lately made a practice of taking away flour to a large extent. Gunpowder had entirely gone the same way, one storekeeper having sold six barrels within a few months, while another gave one thousand rounds of Westley-Richards cartridges to a Boer, the leader of one of the attacks on Standerton, and avowedly disaffected, that being the quantity he was allowed to purchase each year, the Landdrost giving him the "permit" within a few days of

the proclamation of the republic—so well were matters managed by the government at Pretoria.

In the morning I called the men together and told them the tale of the massacre of their regiment, interrupted by low remarks, muttered comments, and at the mention of the officers who had fallen, by still louder ones. When I came to the colonel's reported death, the whole broke out into a strange chorus of ejaculations, almost sobs from many, followed by a cry for revenge absolutely savage in its intensity. At the tail of the white flag, and the treachery that came close on its display, with my warning against its repetition, a whisper went round like wild-fire; the words I told them seemed like an order, and white flags just then would have fared badly at the hands of those stern-faced men round me clutching their rifles. Later on came an instance of the disrepute into which these flags had fallen. A party of scouts rode into camp with a herd of cattle and goats which they had captured. "They were in charge of a Dutchman and two natives," said the sergeant who brought them in; "and when he saw us he waved his flag, a white one, and we let drive at him; and didn't he go off quickly! though we didn't hit him, more's the pity." The Dutchman turned out to be a loyal native who affected European clothes, and was the court interpreter, and who came on under his white flag, nothing doubting, when he was greeted with a volley, and cleared out faster than he came. And towards the close of the siege, when the white flag with news of the first armistice came down the opposite hill, the marksman on duty came to report it as usual, saluting and asking in the most matter-of-fact way, "Shall I take him now, sir, or wait till he comes nearer?" It never entered his head that anything but a volley was the proper reception for the flag; and as I went down the line of men behind the shelters towards the drift to which the flag was coming, I found every man with his sight up and his rifle pointed in readiness to fire; and they seemed to think me a queer fellow to tell them what these flags had done to us, and then to stop them giving it back again. That day came on one of the thunderstorms of the country, bad enough in peace time; now, with the Boer scouts riding about outside, and all the buzz of preparation going on within, peculiarly awful. First increasing darkness till the tents were scarcely visible, and the men had to strike off work; then a flash, and a roll of thunder coming

nearer; a second flash more blinding than before, followed at a shorter interval by a louder roll, the air still as death: we remained in great expectancy, — no breath, no sound, except the crashes, culminating in one that shook one's very frame, and made us turn round involuntarily to see which of us were hit. Close by two horses lay stone-dead, without a mark upon them; a man near the tent we sat in, stretched out, fortunately only stunned; and a corporal inside the tent beside him grinning, half in terror and a little bit in sheer amusement, with a big hole burnt in his coat-sleeve, still smoking. We were lucky to escape so easily. The strange thing in these storms is that they always wind up with one big crash. After that the thunder rolls and rumbles quietly away as if in a hurry to be off after doing the worst it can do.

As we sat round our poor table that evening, getting through a repetition of yesterday's dinner, we talked of home a bit and of the merry evenings that our friends were passing that Christmas night; yet, as we came to know afterwards, they were not so merry in many homes, the telegram telling our sad news having arrived that same Christmas-day. Then we did not know that, and we munched our tough beef, and washed it down with the champagne left from yesterday's present, and thought of them at home, and wished that we were with them.

That night, at ten o'clock, I was roused by a mysterious man, who confided in a whisper that some of the townspeople had subscribed to buy some dynamite; that it could be got at a store forty miles off; and that he was willing to ride and fetch it, his object being to put it in a mine under one of the threatened houses. The mysterious one rode for it without success, the storekeeper not liking to sell it with the Boers all about; but he sent us word of the concentration at Laing's Nek — information I was able to send down to the general through the Free State; so the dynamite turned up for a better use than was intended.

The more tragical events of the siege began earlier than was expected — indeed, before it was entirely declared. Our scouts had found three men stowed away in a house beyond the camp who could give no satisfactory account of themselves. Two of them, black men, were remanded for further inquiry; the third, a half-caste, dressed as a European, said he was willing to join the volunteers — and some-

thing being known of his previous history, he was forthwith taken on as a trooper. When examined by the Landdrost, he gave some fairly useful information about the enemy, and altogether promised to be an acquisition. The one thing against him was his face — low-browed, sensual, with puffy cheeks, and a hang-dog expression really repulsive; otherwise, he was inoffensive enough. That night he slept in an empty house in the town; next morning his body was found in it, the skull driven in with a pickaxe, the throat tightly wound round with a strip of bullock's hide, the face shamefully lacerated, the murderers having dragged him through a window by which he had probably tried to escape. No clue could be found to the murderers; but four Makatees, natives of the lowest type, were arrested on suspicion, of whom more anon.

The excitement in town, which had been on the increase ever since my arrival, appeared to culminate in this murder. People looked at each other, and whispered below the breath that the Dutch had done it to punish the man for telling what he had told; and neighbor looked at neighbor half in doubt that the other was not in the secret. Volunteers came in but slowly — each one had pressing business that prevented him from joining. The Landdrost, his office barricaded, his clerk shouldering a rifle, and the townsfolk pestering him for information which he had not, was in despair. So I determined to take the matter into my own hands — at least I was strong enough to enforce authority, and one head, however small, is better than none at all. Directing the Landdrost to convene a meeting of all the civilians, I got up as martial an appearance as possible, called one or two senior officers to back me up, and, walking up before the assemblage, proclaimed martial law. "In the name of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, whose commission I bear, and by virtue of the power intrusted to me by Sir G. Pomeroy Colley, the governor of this province, I proclaim the town and the district of Standerton to be under martial law. This, gentlemen," I continued, "gives me absolute power to enforce my orders, and I shall do so. If necessary, I shall imprison — if occasion requires it, I shall shoot — any one disobeying me." Here a rather unfortunate climax to my heroics ensued: one of the crowd, somewhat the worse for liquor, took a step to the front, clapped his hands together feebly, as if to back me up, and sang out in

a voice maudlin and shaky, "Bravo, major! I say bravo! Give it to them; and quite right too."

However, they saw that I was in earnest, and before an hour was over, every able-bodied man had signed the roll of volunteers, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the moody faces clear, and a more hopeful spirit growing up. They felt, at least, they had some one to look up to in difficulties, and during the three months martial law reigned in Standerton, only one case calling for exceptional rigor occurred.

Hardly had the martial law question been settled when one of international law cropped up in the person of a German explorer and traveller, who sent me a note demanding an interview. I found him in bed in the soda-water manufactory of the town, evidently very seedy — a fine-looking, intelligent man, but much disturbed in mind. He wished to proceed on his way; he was laid up by temporary indisposition; he had been obliged to leave his hotel by the troops who now held it; he was a German, and as such he protested against such treatment — it was against international law, and he should lay it before the tribunal of nations. I said I hoped he would, and would summon me to attend, as that would take me out of the Transvaal; but at present that was impossible, as the Dutch would not let us start from the town; but if he would do a little doctoring for me among the troops in case of many being wounded, I should take it as a great favor, being rather short of medical men. So we talked it out, till in the end we parted, the best of friends; how, I do not quite understand, for I do not think he took in more than half I said. However, the knotty point was amicably settled, and he remained with me throughout the siege without another complaint; in fact, when he left on peace being proclaimed, he was most profuse in his offers to take down messages or parcels to my friends.

Every now and then a mounted man would gallop in with news of the Boer advance. Now a meeting was being held three miles away, to discuss the attack; now their vanguard was approaching, and would be on us before we knew it. Again, a couple of vedettes had been captured, and only escaped through the persuasions of an old man who knew them. A farmer who had come in from his farm, came up and whispered that his men were going to the Free State, and would take a letter for me. So the letter was written, and

given with much secrecy to the farmer, who sewed it up in the boy's coat, to turn up, as I heard long after, all right; as indeed the Boers heard too, and threatened my farmer's wife for having sent it. And that was the last we got through for nearly two months.

And still came the messengers, speaking of the menaced attack — very trying, and only to be borne by reason of the amount of work on hand to meet it when it came. And done the work was, the men toiling with a will: no red coats now — shirt-sleeves and wideawakes, any costume; any time for meals; filling bags with earth, piling them into their place; sappers cutting holes in the roofs of the defended houses, for the smoke to escape by if the firing grew hot; storing water and provisions; banking up the breaches always falling through in our earthen pit; and between whiles more messengers with news of the attack. This waiting for it was far worse than all which followed.

At luncheon, however, on that 29th December, a report came in that some hundreds of Boers had collected in a valley three miles away, and showed signs of coming on. So I got out my mounted men, some twenty-five strong — they had only just been formed, and numbered twice that before long — and sent them out to reconnoitre. They looked a serviceable little knot of men as they crossed the "drift" and rode along the road towards Newcastle, their centre led by a fine soldier, not many years before a sergeant-major in the 16th Lancers; ahead a couple riding slowly; on either flank "look-out" men, perhaps four hundred yards away. The small party rode steadily along, keeping their distances as on parade, slanting up the sward towards the sky-line, nothing right or left of them, all open *veldt* for miles and miles, till they were mere dots against the green. In camp all was still; the men had finished their work, and were lying down; of the officers a couple had ridden to the town, two more were a mile away picking peaches in a deserted garden, — when of a sudden — and my heart gave a great beat — out of a fold of ground that lay behind them, and on their left, grew out all at once a great cloud of horsemen, galloping, coming towards us as it seemed. Then they caught sight of the scout on the left, not far away, and changed their course a little, making for him, he galloping for dear life, not towards the "drift," where were friends and safety, but right ahead, slanting towards his right, waving

his carbine and shouting, — we could hear it faintly, — to warn them of their danger. Another minute and they heard him and turned, and with backs bent, and faces towards the "drift," galloped their hardest, just a race for life. It was touch and go. The Boers were nearer to the river, but their mass told against them, and our men gained a trifle, a few well-mounted of the Dutch showing ahead, and threatening to cut them off. Then those puffs of smoke we got to know so well, and distant shots, and shouts growing more and more distinct — that awful race for life seemed to last for hours, when indeed it was all over within ten minutes, and I was almost powerless to help.

We got our men into a *koppie*, the point nearest to the "drift" which they were making for, and cleared a space of half a mile round it with our rifles — once within that circle and they were safe. The Boers held back when they heard our bullets; and our fellows rode in, heads drooping, horses done up completely, and five of their number on the ground. Then, balked of the rest, the Boers jumped off and opened a long line of fire, replied to gallantly, the tall man leading them dismounting, and on his knee delivering fire, when the Boer firing at him slung back and shot no more. Two wounded men of ours lay by the "drift," holding their arms up for help and feebly crying to us, and it was a weary time to wait ere we could cross and bring them in.

The noble fellow who had gone to warn the troop lay dead beyond. For months we hoped that he had been taken prisoner; but when the ground was cleared and we got out across that fatal field, we found a skeleton in a shallow grave on the hillside, a skull at one end, two stockinged feet protruding from the other; a horse beside the grave shot through the head, and another facing it a hundred yards farther on; and close to the turfs that covered up the bones a coat, edged with red, faded now, the badge of our volunteers, and one we knew was his — all that was left of a brave soldier.

We buried him in the churchyard among the rest lying in that poor spot, a fort frowning close above, and half-a-dozen mounds to mark where others lay — his bones followed by every man, soldier or civilian, in the place — and fired our volleys over them, presenting arms, and sounding one last salute upon the bugles: as the townsfolk said when they came back, — "It was a splendid sight."

The Boers, some four hundred of them, missing the mounted men, rode on towards us, and dismounting under a ridge across the river, about seven hundred yards distant, opened a furious fire. How the bullets did whiz and fly! I had come back from the *koppie*, now no longer wanted, and stood on a little plateau facing the Dutch, with the fort in rear, from which the men, running to their places, began to fire.

"Ping" came the bullets hurtling through the air, plugging the earth and sending up small clouds of dust; overhead whistling, singing, as they passed in their great hurry; the hillside opposite white with smoke, dotted with dark things — Dutchmen lying down. My bugler close behind me, waiting in readiness to sound; a bullet dropped into his boot quite at the toe — "Glad that wasn't you, sir," was all he coolly said. But it was hot, a little hot. Although there is something not unpleasant in a bullet fired in anger, when the blood is up: they don't sound so viciously as at other times. But still it was too hot.

So I got as many men as could be spared and led them at the Boers, creeping and running, taking what cover there was. I remember some of the men got in behind a tent now lying flat — a fold of linen to stop a bullet; but then the British soldier is very credulous. And we crept down still nearer, and found a wall, part of the old cattle laager, and pointing over it, let the Dutch have it merrily. "Fire a bit higher, lads: you're underneath them; can't you see them striking the bank?" — and they fired a bit higher, and we saw it caused some slight commotion, and one of our friends here and there pulled in his horse and mounted him, and galloped off; and then more followed, and here and there one gave a funny wave, both hands at once, lying down again quite flat, only he did not fire any more. Sometimes a horse lay kicking, and the Boers about him got farther back and did not come again, till one by one, by twos and threes, by big, black lots, the cloud of them melted away, leaving only a dot here and there with its puff of smoke. But these died out at last, and looking at our watch we found that we had been listening to the bullets for an hour; it was just that time since they had missed our mounted men, and it had not seemed ten minutes. Time does fly so fast when occupied — pleasantly or otherwise.

After the siege was over they told us

they had intended to filter across the river and attack the town bodily; but finding our mounted men between them, they had to ride for them—and so the town was saved, and we got very little damage.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and every one turned up. The peach-gatherers, hearing the firing, left them and came in first; the volunteers in hot haste; a crowd of blacks, quite a hundred of them, crawling on their stomachs, and making a rush past the sentries into the fort, where they hid behind boxes, and were not to be got out by threats or entreaties till the firing was over.

Thinking a fresh attempt was to follow, we got in some cold beef and a few bottles of beer, and ate a hasty dinner inside, the volunteers accepting an offer to finish the fragments most willingly, and doing so to the last crumb.

But the Dutch contented themselves with occupying a *koppie* above us, across the river, and pelting us with a few stray shots, while they established their patrols all round us like the leaden horses in the race game of children.

Night fell at last, and with it fresh anxiety. Half the men were put on the walls till midnight, the other half in relief till three in the early morning, when all turned out in readiness for our enemies—and that was kept up for eighty-eight days. An extract from the diary I kept during the siege will show better than anything how things went with us during the time. There was little to vary the entries from day to day, except that towards the end of February the fire from the Dutch became much more slack, owing either to want of ammunition, or to the discovery that it was only so much waste against such obstinate fellows.

Dec. 30th.—At daybreak, parties observed on *koppies* across the river tracing and marking out something, apparently a fort. 7 A.M.—Vedettes fired on by rebels crossing the "drift" below the camp. A party of Boers occupied Stander's Kop, and another large body was reported advancing on the Heidelberg road. Brought in Volunteer Anderson wounded yesterday, and occupied the "drift" in strength. 8 A.M.—Two hundred advancing against the town, but passed, and went behind *koppie* north of it. 10.30 A.M.—Sent patrol out south to find what force was holding ground in that direction—supported them with skirmishers; returned, having seen nothing. 1 P.M.—Party sixty strong advanced from *koppie* down *donga*, and opened fire, bullets falling over laager; we returned it with "sharp-shooters," and soon silenced it. 2 P.M.—Body sixty strong

advancing on west of town, turned off and passed to Stander's Kop. Continual fire from stony *koppie* and *donga*; two mules shot; returned fire with "sharpshooters," and silenced it. 5 P.M.—Enemy opened fire from *koppie* south of Stander's Kop, the bullets striking huts and ricocheting over laager; sent out some skirmishers and silenced it. One man hit in the face with splinter; myself on the back of right thigh with nearly spent ball. Midnight. Volley fired into laager from south, answered by us and soon silenced; three mules shot.

And so on for the next three months. No wonder that we got tired of it, or that I had to punish the men at times for unduly exposing themselves to fire: in three months one gets wonderfully callous to a bullet.

On the 4th January I made my first essay against an enemy in the open. There was a rocky hill, Stander's Kop, a little over a mile from the fort which the Dutch had occupied, and from which their fire began to be somewhat galling; so I resolved to have a turn at it, and show them two could play at that game.

On the night before, I called for volunteers, and got together thirty, all to be ready at 3 A.M. next morning. It was my first attempt in command against the enemy, and I confess that I felt a bit anxious; failure meant disaster, and I did not know but what my head might desert me at the critical moment. It is easy enough to go out under orders, but to be yourself the head and tail means more than people think; and I did think, but nothing would have turned me from my purpose now I had determined to attempt it.

That night went slowly, and I slept but little; indeed at two o'clock, when a man came in to call me, four of us lay on hospital stretchers in an open shed in the fort. I was only too glad to find the time had come.

It was a cold, damp morning, fairly dark, and my thirty volunteers of last night were none too smart in turning out. It looked better business then than now, but I got them fallen in outside after some delay. Then I found every sergeant in the garrison had fallen in too, and at the last moment I had to send them back, keeping only two,—rather an unpleasant task. Then I explained to the men what I was about. We were to advance in column for a certain distance, when all would silently extend on a given signal, and do the rest of the distance in skirmishing order, gaining a wall which I intended to line, and which lay close under the hill. What followed would be dictated by circumstances.

Meanwhile my mounted men, now thirty strong, were to ascend the hill on its right, and, riding along the top, clear it of any lurking Boers under cover of my fire, when I could follow myself and occupy the hill. In front of the wall we were bound for was a farmhouse, known to be the sleeping-place of the Boer picket which held the heights; and we intended to surprise this party in the house, to prevent them giving the alarm to the main body.

We set out across the sappy *veldt*, the grass often up to our knees. The noise our feet made was really astounding, causing me to break out at intervals at the men for insisting on marching in step. Poor fellows! all their service they had been taught the old way to walk — "right, left, right, left" — and now they were told not to do it, and habit was too strong for them. It was now that I recognized the enormous difficulty in making a night attack: the plain we were crossing by daylight had seemed absolutely level, now it was full of holes, drains, and pitfalls; big stones caught us on the toes, and tripped us up with many a smothered cry, each loud enough to tell the enemy we were coming, so it seemed. Every place looked changed, and but for Stander's Kop in front, whither we were bound, looming big and black against the sky, we should have wandered hopelessly.

Everything depended on our reaching the wall unperceived. There were patrols about, possibly sentries; all was unknown to us; and the men's feet made such a noise, I was on tenter-hooks lest we should be heard. One of them with a cough was sent back sharp to camp. Noses were allowed to remain unattended to. When half-way, the time came to extend; and, on raising my hand, the two bodies opened outwards, and formed into a line of skirmishers as neatly as if it were broad daylight and we were on parade at Aldershot. Whispering a word of command to a line of men two hundred yards in length is not so easy; but the men did all they could, and passed it along till they moved on, keeping excellent distance and direction. Presently a black hill showed up in front quite unexpectedly, and I halted the line and went on to see what it was, for it had not been there yesterday. I had not gone fifty yards when the hill turned into a wall, the object of our march — a good high wall capable of sheltering my men from any fire. So I went back and brought them up, letting them lie down just six feet apart. By peering over I could distinguish the

house in which the Boer guard was lying, about a hundred yards in front; behind it the hillside steep and frowning. It was just half past three; at four it would be getting light enough to attack the house. No sentries could be seen; all was still as death. The men lay in the long, dank grass which fringed the wall, and hardly moved; while I kept my bare head just above it to watch for any sign of the enemy. Every minute I expected to see my mounted men on the top, barely another hundred yards beyond the house. This, again, was quite quiet; two small windows on either side of the door, all closed with green shutters; a second building a little apart, and the garden between us and them, grey with oats; then the wall, strongly built with piled-up stones, and under it those long dark things, half hidden in the grass, beside each a rifle, shining cold and hard — all so very quiet, yet all low-breathing — pent-up life and action waiting my word to rise and line that wall with fire.

However, that was not to be. We had waited an hour, and the night was going out, objects around growing distinct in shape, less ghostly than they had been, when there came a sound of galloping, the first sound since leaving camp; a great rush of horses, out of sight, yet near enough to let us hear their hoofs striking the ground. One minute and I thought it was the Boers, and felt I had them. The sound was on our right, and the way they had to come lay across my rear towards my left: if they only came that road, we should catch them beautifully. This was but for a few minutes. Then amid the galloping I heard a voice shouting in English, and I knew it was my own men in full retreat.

And what from? If from the Boers, what was I to do? I did not like to go back at once after getting so near them, yet I could not afford to lose my men; and for a bit I had an anxious time of it.

About five minutes we waited in suspense. The galloping died out behind us; no Boer picket showed up from the house; all was very still, when a single horseman rode cautiously into sight, coming towards where we lay from the right. It was just light enough to see that he was in civilian clothes, wearing a broad-brimmed hat such as the Boers affect, and in his hand held a carbine ready. Was he friend or Boer? the advance-scout of the Dutch who had sent our men back? He still rode on very cautiously, peering about, his carbine. as it

seemed, always half-way to his shoulder, his horse picking his steps, his head bent forwards, looking out; and the men on my right where the wall ended could see him too, and clutched their rifles, and only waited for a word.

Still he rode on, inclining towards the house, and I could see now he was dark-faced, almost black; a little more, and I recognized him as one of my own men with a rag of red round his hat; and I stood up and beckoned to him, and he rode down, holding up his carbine in token he was a friend. He little knew how near death he had been. He was sent to tell us that the mounted men had retreated before a large force of Dutch who were coming on behind the hill. There was nothing for it but to go too. My mounted men, just half my force, were in full retreat; close above me was the big hill, which, if once occupied, commanded my line of retreat for a full mile. All I knew was that a large force was coming on; that might mean anything, and I had only thirty men. So I gave the word, and we turned back, leaving the wall we had won so well, and moved towards the fort. We had gone about eighty yards, and opened the neck of land lying between the big hill we had faced and a second one lying on its left, when the Boers rode into it in a black crowd, perhaps two hundred yards away.

I think we saw each other at the same moment; from which side came the first shots I am not sure. I faced my men half round and took up the fire as soon as I saw them, and the sudden sight of thirty rifles puffing in the grass checked them effectually. How those Dutchmen galloped!—just a whiff of smoke here and there when one dismounted, fired, and was off again. How the rifles flashed out, bright and sharp, our own bullets racing past me as I stood directing them, answered by the thud of those that sought us out upon the turf!

The Boers made for the second hill, where was good cover in the kraals of the long-since-departed Makatees, about four hundred yards from us, and dismounting, opened a hot fire from behind the stones. How their bullets did tear the grass up, casting up little clouds of dust in the men's faces kneeling down to fire back! Not a man winced; they knelt and fired as cool as if at exercise, putting up their sights quite cheerily when I told them the distance. I had to shout to them to make them keep on retiring: they quite enjoyed the fun.

This lasted about ten minutes, and then a line of fire on my right opened, and I felt that we had come within our own lines again. The 58th had orders to come out and protect my flank if it was attacked, and the brave fellows were there, lining the further slope between us and the Dutch, and keeping down their fire. And this was furious for five minutes more, and formed a pretty sight for the townspeople roused out of bed by the incessant shots, and safe a mile or more away, as they told us afterwards. We were on a hillside above them, and they could see the little figures skirmishing, dotted with puffs of smoke, like dolls out playing; and beyond that again the hill, and the Dutch on it amid a blaze of fire and shrouding smoke.

After a bit the Boer fire slackened as it had done before, and we got their range and turned them out; not easily, only by threes and fours, making gaps in their line from which no fire came, each widening till the hill was quiet once again, and in the distance a tiny-looking crowd galloping away. A short half-hour, and we were safe in the fort, taking the cup of coffee waiting for us, and receiving the congratulations of the friends we left behind us at our safe return; happier still to count our men and find that thirty went and the same came back again untouched. And that was our first turn in the open against the Dutch who were investing us.

Up to this time our wounded men had been in a sort of hospital in the fort formed out of a tin store which had been pulled down to meet the military exigencies of the time, the roof remaining only; but it was exposed to the fire of the rebels, and was hot and confined. So in place of it I took possession of the Dutch church in town, a spacious stone building, which, when the benches and reading-desk were removed, was capable of holding two rows of beds, fifteen in each, with ease.

The Dutch who still remained in the town tried to get up a small demonstration about the misappropriation of their church by the *rooi batjees*, but after a bit calmed down at the sight of the sad faces that soon occupied it.

The prayer and hymn books, all in Dutch, fared worse than the benches, as a couple of soldiers, seeing them in the deserted building, calmly took them away, for what reason never appeared, the books being utterly unsalable, and the British soldier not given to studying hymns,

especially when written in a language of which he cannot understand one word.

One of the difficulties of the siege was to check robberies by the men and volunteers; and if ever temptation to steal existed, it was during the siege of Standerton. Many houses had been deserted by their owners, and left with doors and windows open, the families having set off full speed for the Free State on the commencement of the war. Later on, when fuel ran short, I had to go through these houses in search of wood, and was surprised to find how much furniture and effects were in them, and how little had been touched under the circumstances. Rooms stood just as they had been left, — the chairs round the table, the clock on the mantelpiece, the beds unmade as the good people last slept in them, even the cooking-pots in the kitchen. Liquor of course had disappeared, as was natural, but little else.

A newspaper, the *Standerton Times*, was started by some of the civilians, and lasted for the first month, when it fell through partly from want of time on the part of the editor — who, as a volunteer, was wanted more than he expected on the defences — and mostly, I fancy, from the difficulty of finding new and interesting matter in a small community shut off from all communication with the outside world. Advertisements were its strong point — those breathing much fire and smoke predominating. So we read of the baker and confectioner who "turned out the finest chain-shot pies ever supplied in Standerton. Artillerymen supplied gratis." The butcher being of a hopeful turn, tells his customers that "everybody can't have under-cut, as he has smelt out the column." While Erasmus and Co., well-known Boer malcontents fighting against us, announce that "they are selling off their entire stock of Dutch courage and Dutch pluck at greatly reduced prices, to make room for a large stock of English lead shortly expected."

The local and general column was open to funny bits such as this, headed "A Long Shot:" "We hear that a gallant Swashbuckler potted a Boer lately at 1,416 yards. This shows that our mounted comrades have some capital shots among them; but we must remind them that the deceased leaves a grandmother, a child, and fourteen small wives to mourn their loss. We suggest they start a subscription-list." While a Mr. Polglase remarks that "as starvation is imminent he has

raised the price of * * * and bacon" — the stars standing for "three-star brandy," a common form of nourishment with thirsty colonists.

"Our paper" could be in earnest also, the editor writing: "We opine that the curious would have to search well the pages of history to find a parallel for the state of feeling in Standerton during the present siege. A visitor dropping down in our midst would scarcely be able to realize the fact that the town is completely invested by a band of ruthless rebels. Civilians and military men, and women and children, appear, now that the grim reality of the position has come home to them, to have determined to be self-sacrificing and cheerful. When these troublous times are past, those who here with us have taken part in them will be able to look back with feelings of pride to the parts they have played in the drama. It was touching to note at our musical gathering how the pathos of the songs of home chime in with the sterner sounds of the war-strains; and it is encouraging to note the cordiality existing between officers and men, between soldier and volunteer. Of the behavior of the women we need say nothing. Courage, which is especially supposed to be the attribute of man, is found here, as at Lucknow, Paris, and Richmond, to be blended in the women with that other noble quality, patience. We trust this state of feeling will continue, for it is calculated to stand us in good stead."

From Temple Bar.

A SIBERIAN EXILE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FASHIONS in literature are frequently as ephemeral and capricious as are fashions in dress and manners, and authors and books that are the rage and admiration of one generation are sometimes the ridicule, or, at least, the mere amusement of another. During the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first years of the present, there was no more popular dramatist in Germany, nor perhaps in Europe, than Augustus von Kotzebue; his works were translated into nearly every European language, and were everywhere successful. In England "Misanthropy and Repentance," produced at Drury Lane in 1798, under the title of "The Stranger," furnished John Kemble with one of his finest impersonations, and Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and their suc-

cessors, as Mrs. Haller, have drawn as many tears from sensitive eyes as ever did their performance of Juliet or Belvidera. The Stranger was a favorite part with all tragedians, both in town and country, until within very recent years, and Mr. Irving threatened us with a revival last season. "The Spaniards in Peru" ("Pizarro"), translated by Sheridan, and stuffed with patriotic speeches that applied to the events and sentiments of the day, crammed Drury Lane to the ceiling for many a night.

Scarcely less successful were two adaptations of "The Natural Son," one by Cumberland, and a second by Mrs. Inchbald, which she entitled "Lovers' Vows." If Kotzebue's plays did not create the sentimental school of drama in England, their influence permeated our stage during quite half a century. The old stock characters, that were so well known to the playgoer of thirty or forty years ago — the virtuous peasant whose house and scanty purse were always open to the poor and unfortunate, and who spouted interminable speeches upon the duties of man, and the beauties of charity; the betrayed village beauty, and the repentant Magdalen; the broken-hearted father, pious, though strongly given to cursing; the dreadfully good hero and heroine; the villainous steward; the comic, blundering servant are all children of this school — the inspiration of which was drawn from "Werther" and "Julie;" but Kotzebue and his imitators could grasp only the form and the faults of the originals, the soul and the beauty wholly eluded them. These imitations were successful however, because they intoned with the spirit of an age that preached and moralized with the relish of a Joseph Surface, that was given to lip morality, of which each man expended so much upon his neighbors that he had none left for his own use. Alas! for the durability of such popularity, that which once drew tears and evoked shouts of applause burlesque has found to be excellent food for laughter, and our wonder is how such vapid, sickly sentimentalism could have ever been seriously received. As an author, Kotzebue has long ceased to excite any interest; but in his autobiography he has given us a picture of Siberian and Russian life eighty years ago, which is peculiarly interesting just now, if it be only from a comparative point of view, when the great northern power is exciting so much attention.

Kotzebue's account of himself, from

which the materials of this article are principally drawn, is chiefly characterized by a trivial egotism, which considers the most unimportant acts of his life, and the most commonplace details of his domesticity, to be subjects of universal curiosity. The reader, however, will doubtless be satisfied with a very brief *résumé* of his doings between his birth and his exile. To begin then: he was born at Weimar of a good family, that could affix *von* to their name, in the year 1761. He tells us that he was a very precocious child; that at six years old he wrote verses, and a comedy that filled a whole octavo page; and that on his seventh birthday he addressed a passionate love-letter to a lady, who afterwards became his aunt, reproaching her for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew. Solomon's advice touching the rod was evidently neglected by the friends of this young gentleman. It was the advent of a company of strolling players at Weimar which, he tells us, irrevocably decided his future destiny as a dramatic writer. After his first visit to the theatre, he returns home, "stunned with delight," and, he adds, "I would have asked no greater blessing of fate than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance." Henceforth the drama and the stage occupy all his thoughts: he starts private theatricals among his schoolfellows, and writes dramas, one of which the great Goethe, who is a visitor at the paternal house, is so condescending as to read.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he had published a number of poems and tales, and written several tragedies and comedies. About 1781 he obtained the post of secretary to the celebrated Russian general, Baron Bawr, and removed to St. Petersburg, where soon afterwards he became director of the German Theatre, and where he very nearly got into difficulties with the government on account of writing a piece, entitled "Demetrius, the *Czar* of Moscow," founded on a well-known historical fact. A decree of Peter the Great having declared Demetrius to be an impostor, it was little less than treason to style him czar, even in a drama, and before its performance could be permitted our author was compelled to sign a solemn declaration that his private and personal belief was thoroughly in accordance with imperial ideas upon the subject. Upon the death of Baron Bawr, in 1783, Catherine appointed him titular councillor to the Tribunal of Appeal at Revel. His official

duties did not interrupt his literary pursuits, and it was during the next few years that his most celebrated plays were produced. Better would it have been for him had he restricted his pen entirely to the drama; but in 1790 envy and jealousy ran away with it, and he wrote a most virulent attack upon the leading literary men of Germany. About the same time the state of his health compelled him to ask leave of absence from Russia. He returned to his native city, but Goethe, and all men of letters, resenting his scurrilous pamphlet, turned their backs upon him, and this contemptuous treatment, together with the death of his wife, soon drove him from Weimar to Paris. To his Parisian experiences, during a time when the Revolution was just simmering to boiling-point, he devotes a whole book of his autobiography, which I shall pass over, as it does not come within the scope of the present article. At the end of his year's leave he returned to Russia, and in the enjoyment of the empress's favor seems to have led a very uneventful life, until that sovereign's death in 1796. Soon after the accession of Paul he was suspected to be the author of a pamphlet which reflected upon the government of that capricious despot. Guilty or innocent, he knew full well the consequences that would follow such a suspicion, and fled the country.

Three years afterwards, in the year 1800, believing the affair to be forgotten, he applied for leave to return to Russia, in order to visit the estates he owned in that country. A passport was immediately forwarded to him, and in company with his wife, a Russian lady—for he had married again—and their children, he started upon his journey. But no sooner had he crossed the Prussian frontier than he was arrested, his papers seized, and he and his family sent under escort towards Mittau. At Mittau, the governor advised him to leave his wife, proceed on to St. Petersburg and solicit an interview with the emperor. Yet, although he was urged to take a much larger supply of linen than was necessary for the journey, even to provide himself with a bed and to change all his money into Russian notes, no suspicion as to his true destination dawned upon him. The principal persons of his escort were an official with the unpronounceable name of Schtschkatichin, and a courier called Alexander Schulkins; his sketches of these two personages give a curious picture of the Russian official of the time. The first he describes as a man of forty,

swarthy almost to blackness, with the face of a satyr, so ignorant that he was unacquainted with the causes of the commonest phenomena of nature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Voltaire, had never reached his ears, but so devout in outward observances that he never espied a church in the distance, ate or drank, heard thunder, or performed the most ordinary act without taking off his hat and repeatedly crossing himself. In his habits and manners he outraged every decency of civilized life, drank out of a bottle in preference to a glass, and never used a pocket-handkerchief. The courier was a brute, but of the good kind. His great delight was eating and drinking, and he ate and drank everything that came in his way. When he took soup he threw back his head and, thrusting the spoon as far into his mouth as possible, literally poured the liquid down his throat; he swallowed his meat without masticating it, and with the same canine propensity would seize and gnaw the bones left upon the plates after meals; he could despatch the largest glass of brandy at a single draught—and any number of them—without showing signs of intoxication.

Upon arriving at Riga Kotzebue was at length informed that his true destination was not St. Petersburg, but Tobolsk. Driven to desperation by the thought of Siberia he made an attempt at escape, but was speedily recaptured. The kindness and hospitality of the peasantry were the only alleviations to the terrible journey that now commenced in earnest. The slightest act or word of kindness, the most valueless present, would at once win them over, but while his conductors extorted from them all available food and mulcted their prisoner heavily for payment, they gave their entertainers only curses in return. Upon the road he encountered other unfortunates bound for the same destination, and in worse plight even than himself. One was an old man who had been a lieutenant-colonel; dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, his captors had not even permitted him to dress, and he was now, loaded with irons, a bed-gown and night-cap his only articles of clothing, being drawn along in a wretched conveyance. A quarrel with the governor of Râzan was the sole cause of his exile. Then there were companies of robbers chained in couples, among which were several women, marching on foot to the mines. These were escorted by parties of armed peasants, who were relieved from village to village.

Some of them had forked pieces of wood fastened about their necks, the handles of which hung over their breasts and fell down to their knees. In these handles were two holes, through which their hands were thrust. His first experiences of the dreaded Siberia, however, were agreeable surprises. For days, before crossing the border, he had been travelling through gloomy forests of pine, but now he came upon woods of birch, intermixed with highly cultivated fields, and opulent Russian or Tartar villages, in which the countenances of the peasants were so cheerful and contented that he could not realize that he was in the dreaded country. The windows of the inns were glazed with a kind of transparent pebble, the tables covered with tapestry, images were placed in every corner, and every peasant's house was rich in such domestic utensils as glasses, cups and saucers, etc. On holidays they passed happy groups of youths and girls disporting themselves upon the village green, the latter dressed in white and red or blue; in fine, he describes the frontier parts of Siberia as contrasting most favorably with European Russia.

On the 10th of May he arrived at Tobolsk, and was very kindly received by the governor; but here more ill news awaited him: Tobolsk was not to be his final destination. He was granted permission, however, to remain there for a while until his strength was a little recruited after his long journey. Lodgings commonly occupied by people of distinction who were exiled to Siberia were pointed out to him by the police. They consisted of two rooms, which, as the owner was compelled to let them free of charge, were not remarkable for comfort. The windows were broken, and underneath them was a stagnant pond; the walls were naked or hung with ragged tapestry; and worse than all, the place swarmed with insects. By a little show of civility to his host he obtained two stools and a table, then he bought a mattress in the town, after which he had to consider himself housed and furnished. His arrival made some sensation among this remote community, as several of his plays had been translated into the Russian language, and when he went to the shops the tradesmen offered in whispers to forward any letter that he might commit to their charge. In the evenings he was permitted to walk about the city, which he describes as large, with broad, straight streets, paved with timber, houses chiefly of wood, and a great square which

was crowded by people of all nations. There was a theatre, of which the company was entirely composed of exiles, and in which he witnessed several of his own plays. He describes the heat as being most oppressive during the day, and the gnats as insupportable during the night. There were five or six hurricanes regularly in every four-and-twenty hours, which proceeded from every point of the compass, accompanied by tremendous showers of rain, which, however, scarcely cooled the air. Fruit, he tells us, is almost unknown in the country. The governor's garden, the finest in the province, contained little more than a few gooseberry bushes, cabbages, black alder, birch, and Siberian pear-trees; but on the boards which enclosed it were *painted representations of fruit trees*. Buckwheat, which reproduces itself without any kind of culture, was in abundance. The peasants never thought of moving or making any use of their manure, which accumulated in such gigantic heaps that at times they pulled down their houses and rebuilt them upon another spot, as the less laborious removal of the two. The cold in winter was as intense as the heat in summer, being frequently forty degrees below zero. Vast expanses of water environed the city, and beyond these stretched immense forests that the foot of man had never trodden, to the shores of the Frozen Sea.

He tells us that the exiles were divided into four classes. The first was composed of malefactors convicted of peculiarly atrocious crimes, whose sentences were confirmed by the Senate. These had their nostrils slit and were condemned to work in the mines of Nertschink, where their sufferings were said to be worse than death. The second class was made up of a less guilty order of criminals; these were enrolled among the peasantry or bondmen, their names were changed to those of the people among whom they were settled, and they were employed to cultivate the soil. Like the preceding class, their nostrils were slit, but they were permitted to earn a little by their labors, and thus, by industry, were enabled to alleviate their condition. Those of the third class were simply condemned to banishment, without the addition of any infamous punishment. If they were noble they did not lose their rank; they were permitted to receive their usual incomes, or if they had none, the crown furnished them with twenty or thirty copecks a day. The fourth division, in which Kotzebue himself was included, contained

all who were exiled without legal process, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign; these could send letters to the emperor or their friends—after they had been perused by the governor. Sometimes, however, they were confined in fortresses and kept in chains.*

* A curious contrast to these experiences of eighty years ago has been recently afforded in some letters of a correspondent to the *Times*, in which the present condition of Siberia and its exiles is very minutely described. In these we hear nothing of such barbarous atrocities as nose-slitting, or even of the knout, which he tells us has long since been abolished, although the latter is very effectively represented by the *traichatka*, or plait, a whip ending in three lashes. This, however, is used only upon the worst class of malefactors, after repeated offences, and, according to his statement, only in three places, and it must, consequently, be unknown to the majority of exiles. The painful scenes upon the road, referred to by Kotzebue, are no longer to be witnessed. The prisoners are now all gathered in a central prison in Moscow, whence they are despatched in droves of about seven hundred by rail to Nijni-Novgorod, where they are consigned to a large barge and tugged by steamer to Perm. Thence trains convey them to Ekaterinburg, from which place carriages take them on to Tiumen. They are then distributed to their various destinations, some of which are reached by water, while others have to perform the journey on foot. The four classes are now reduced to two; in the first are contained those who lose all their rights, these wear the convict's dress, and have their heads half shaved. Those of the second class are only partially deprived of their rights, do not always undergo imprisonment, and in any case only for a period, at the expiration of which they become colonists, and live the same as the inhabitants. This writer's description of the prisons is quite at variance with our preconceived notions of Siberia. According to his account they differ very little from those of western Europe; the prisoners are employed in various industries, and when their allotted tasks are fulfilled may earn money for themselves; the treadmill is unknown. Nor is the punishment even of those condemned to the mines exceptionally heavy; it is only for a short season these can be worked, as the ground is frozen hard during the long winter; when at work the miners' food is liberal in allowance, and their period of labor is from eight to twelve hours.

Again, it is somewhat surprising to be told that the great mass of the exiles are mere ordinary criminals, and that only about five per cent. belong to the middle or upper class. But it is not necessary to be a criminal to be sent to Siberia. If a man be idle or drunken, if he do not pay his taxes, or will not support his wife and children, his commune meets in parish parliament, votes him a nuisance, and adjudges that he be sent at the common expense to Siberia, not to be imprisoned, but to get his living as a colonist. Indeed, one of the objects of Russia in sending such numbers of prisoners to Siberia, is to develop the resources of that part of the empire, of which the great need is population. The average number of prisoners sent thither yearly is from seventeen to twenty thousand. The writer remarks, "Popular rumor asserted that there were hundreds if not thousands of Nihilists waiting last spring (1879) in Russia to be sent to Siberia. I can only say that we were in a position very likely to have seen or heard of them, but that we met exceedingly few. Now and then we found political prisoners in the separate cells of the various prisons by ones and twos. At Kara, I believe, there were only thirteen Russian political prisoners, and twenty-eight Poles, and my interpreter, when returning from Strelniska along the whole Siberian route, on which such prisoners would naturally travel, met only three convoys. In the first there was one man only, in the next seven, and in the third twenty-one. So that I have come to the conclusion that the number of such prisoners is very much less than is commonly supposed." A Pole, with whom the writer conversed, told him that though condemned

Kürgan, situated some four hundred and fifty versts from Tobolsk, was fixed upon as his final resting-place. Upon arriving there, he was conducted to a low-built house, where he nearly broke his head in going in at the door; the rooms were mere holes, in which a man could scarcely stand upright; the walls were naked, the window was patched with paper, and a table and two wooden stools were the only furniture. He afterwards searched throughout the town for better accommodation, but found most of the lodgings to be even worse than his own. Here his name again stood him in good stead, and on the morning after his arrival he was visited by most of the principal inhabitants, every one of whom brought him something to eat and drink, until he was at a loss for room to store his presents in. At length, however, and at an extravagant rent, he succeeded in procuring a better abode. The cheapness of provisions made some amends for these high-priced lodgings—a loaf of six pounds weight could be purchased for four French sous, a fowl for a sou and a half, while hares could be had for nothing, as the Russians never ate them. His day was chiefly occupied in reading, studying the Russian language, writing the story of his life, and in shooting. There was plenty of excellent sport to be had, and he says that he had never in his life seen in Europe so many rooks in one flight as he saw wildfowl of a hundred different sorts in droves in this country. Some were very small; some had round, others flat beaks; some long and others short ones. There were short legs, long legs; grey, brown, black and yellow beaks. Woodcocks were equally numerous and various; there were also pigeons and blackbirds in such numbers that when they alighted on a tuft of trees they would entirely cover it. Towards the end of autumn the game multiplied prodigiously. Wherever he walked there were the most beautiful flowers,

to the mines, he worked in them or not pretty much as he pleased; another confessed that although under the same sentence, he never worked in them at all, but was put to lighter labor. Another remarked that he would sooner remain where he was than return to Russia. "It is a well-known fact that when the present emperor offered liberty to certain Poles whom his father had banished, some of them chose to remain as they were." Several of the richest men in Irkutsk are exiles, and the average peasant exile is better off there than in Russia.

In gratitude for the exceptional privileges granted him during his investigations of the prisons, the writer may have touched his descriptions with a little *couleur de rose*; but even allowing for that, they give a very novel idea of that terrible country of which the supposed horrors have passed into a proverb.

whole tracts of land were covered with sweet-scented herbs, particularly southern-wood; multitudes of horses and horned cattle grazed at will, and the weather, although a day seldom passed without a storm, was remarkably agreeable.

An invitation from the assessor to be present at the festival of his patron saint, which in Russia is a more important celebration than even a birthday, and at which all the principal people of the place were to be present, afforded him a curious picture of Kurgan manners. As he enters the house he is stunned by the noise of five men, who are called singers. "These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room. This was the salutation given to every guest on entering. An immense table groaned beneath the weight of twenty dishes, principally preparations of fish; but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company." The master of the house carries a huge bottle of brandy in his hand, from which he is eager to serve his guests, who continually drink to his health. Every moment our exile expects that the company will sit down to table, but by-and-by all take up their hats and walk away. He asks a friend if the entertainment is over. The answer is, "Oh no, they are gone home to take their naps, they will be here again at five o'clock." He goes with the rest, and returning at the appointed hour, finds the more substantial food removed, and in its place the table is covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and Chinese sweetmeats. The mistress of the house, a pretty young woman, now makes her appearance with the wives and daughters of the guests, all attired in old-fashioned dresses, and tea and French brandy, and punch are handed round. Then card-tables are set, and all play cards as long as the brandy will allow them to distinguish the suits. At supper-time all retire, and the entertainment is over.

This is one of the last of his Siberian experiences, for immediately afterwards comes the joyful news that the emperor, to whom he has written stating his case several months back, has ordered him to be conveyed to St. Petersburg. The day he leaves the town — the 7th of July — is the occasion of a solemn festival. The image of the saint of a neighboring village is brought into Kurgan, and the image of the saint of the town is taken to

meet it; the two images exchange polite salutations, and are then borne together to the temple of the town saint, prayers are recited, and hymns sung, and after this friendly visit the rustic saint is taken home again.

At St. Petersburg he was reunited to his wife. His design had been to return to Germany, but he was advised not to make the request. The czar, as a compensation probably for his brief exile, bestowed upon him an estate in Livonia, and restored him to his appointment as manager of the German Theatre, with a salary of twelve hundred roubles. He now discovered that, although the strictest examination of his papers could not substantiate any charge against him, it was not to his innocence he owed his sudden recall from exile, but to an accident that well illustrates the caprices of despotism. Some years previously he had written a little piece entitled "The Emperor's Head Coachman," which was founded upon an anecdote he had once heard of some generous action performed by the emperor Paul. This piece was translated into Russian, and in spite of the advice given him by friends, the translator magnanimously persisted in retaining Kotzebue's name, as the original author, upon the title-page. The manuscript was forwarded to the czar, who, delighted with the flattering picture of himself that it contained, presented the translator with a handsome ring, declared that he had done Kotzebue wrong, and despatched a courier at once to Siberia to bring him to St. Petersburg.

But this sudden access of favor was far from assuring our hero of its continuance. Much against his will he was appointed to the censorship of plays. A more hazardous post it was impossible to occupy, since there was as much danger at times in striking out a passage that might seem to apply to the czar, and thereby acknowledging its applicability, as there was in passing it, as he might have inquired, "Do you suppose I do these things? if not, why do you consider them offensive?" The instances of prohibited passages and expressions given by our author are exceedingly amusing, as well as highly significant of the jealous tyranny of the emperor. The word "republic" was not permitted to be spoken, nor was Antony, in the author's play of "Octavia," allowed to say, "Die, like a Roman, free!" In another play the term *emperor* of Japan had to be altered to *master*. It was not permissible to say that caviare came from Russia, or that

Russia was a distant country. A councillor was not permitted to call himself "a good patriot," because he refused to marry a foreigner; nor was it allowable to call a valet an insolent fellow; a princess was not permitted to have a greyhound; a councillor to tickle a dog behind the ears; or pages to muffle up a councillor. The expression "Woe to my native country," was struck out, because an ukase had forbidden the Russians to have a native country. A character was not allowed to come from Paris, and all mention of France was forbidden.

So the unfortunate censor lived in a state of constant terror, and never went to bed at night without the gloomiest apprehensions for the morrow, although he never neglected the most trivial precautions to secure his safety. He was most scrupulous, even, regarding the color and cut of his clothes, for even in those things offence might be given; he was obliged to pay court to women of doubtful reputation who had the royal ear. On the representation of every new piece, he trembled lest the police, ever on the watch, should discover some hidden offence in it; if his wife went out to take an airing, he was fearful lest she should not alight from her carriage quickly enough on meeting the emperor, and be dragged to the common prison, as had happened then lately to the wife of an innkeeper for such an omission. He dared not utter his thoughts to a friend for fear of being overheard or betrayed; he could not divert his mind by reading, as every book was prohibited; nor could he commit his thoughts to writing, as the police might enter his rooms at any moment and seize his papers. When he walked out it was always bareheaded, for no man was allowed to be in the vicinity of the palace, whatever the weather might be, with covered head; and he was constantly reminded of what might at any moment be his fate, by meeting some unhappy wretch on his way to prison or to the knout. And he calls upon the whole city of St. Petersburg to witness whether this picture of the condition of the Russian capital at this period is too highly colored.

One day he was informed by the Count de Pahlen that the emperor intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the czar, and presently Kotzebue was sum-

moned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and therefore you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished, therefore I have imposed a chastisement upon myself. I wish"—showing him a paper—"that this should be inserted in the *Hamburg Gazette*, and in other public prints." He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph: "We hear from St. Petersburg that the emperor of Russia, finding the powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat; bringing with them, as seconds and squires, their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thutgut, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and that the emperor himself proposes being attended by generals Count de Pahlen and Kutuscoff. We know not if this report is to be believed; the thing, however, does not appear to be destitute of foundation, as it bears the impress of what he has often been taxed with." This paper was written in French, and it was Kotzebue's task to translate it into German. And both the challenge and the comment were actually published.

In the spring of 1801 Kotzebue was relieved from his apprehensions, and Russia from one of the most capricious as well as terrible tyrannies that ever afflicted a nation, by the death of Paul and the accession of his son Alexander, who at once proceeded to repeal the more objectionable enactments of his predecessor. But our author had had enough of St. Petersburg, and he petitioned to be dismissed from the management of the theatre and to be allowed to return to Germany. But the restless vanity of the man could not long content itself in any place, and after wandering about Italy and France for several years, and publishing various books, descriptive of his travels, we again find him in the service of the Russian czar, who in 1813 appointed him consul-general at Königsberg. After a while he resigned this post, and made his reappearance at Weimar, ostensibly as a private man of letters. Having been received as such, and having made good his social position, he suddenly declared himself to be the accred-

ited Russian diplomatic agent at the little court; in other words he was a Russian spy who received fifteen thousand roubles a year for transmitting extracts from the newspapers and other publications, and reporting to the emperor, who was desirous of influencing the affairs of Germany, every fact that was inimical or friendly to this purpose. His next move was to establish a journal in which he opposed all progress, and the liberty of the press. A paper intended only for the eye of the emperor Alexander, in which Kotzebue described one of his opponents in journalism as "the most detestable instrument of hell," at length, in 1818, revealed the full treachery of this literary hireling, and raised a cry of indignation against him throughout Germany. The exposure compelled him to quit Weimar. He next took up his abode at Mannheim, where he resumed his perfidious work; and at a time when all Germany was yet ringing with the echoes of the French Revolution, proclaimed himself the enemy of liberty, and the friend of despotism. This alone would have been sufficient to have brought down upon him the indignation of the enthusiasts; but when to this was added the knowledge that he was the mouthpiece of a foreign despot, who was desirous of establishing an authority over the country, indignation rose to ungovernable hatred. He had made himself particularly conspicuous in applauding the dismissal of twelve hundred students from Göttingen, on account of a brawl between them and the citizens, and a morbid young student, named Charles Louis Sand, took upon himself to avenge, à la Charlotte Corday, the cause of liberty and the Fatherland.

On the 9th of March, 1819, he left Jena on foot for Mannheim, and arrived there on the 23rd. Dressed in old German costume, and assuming the name of Henricks, he presented himself at Kotzebue's house, on the pretence that he had brought letters from Weimar. After two ineffectual attempts, he at length gained admission, and was shown into a private room; scarcely had the victim crossed the threshold when Sand plunged a long poniard into his breast, and when he had fallen, to make his work sure, inflicted three more wounds upon the body. The noise of the scuffle speedily brought servants and family to the tragic scene, and the assassin was found, dagger in hand, quietly contemplating the dying man. Yet no one attempted to arrest him, and he descended the staircase and presented

himself before the throng of people, whom the cries of "Murder!" had already gathered about the spot, and still flourishing the poniard in one hand, and a written paper in the other, exclaimed, "I am the murderer, and it is thus all traitors should die." Then he fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands raised them to heaven exclaiming, "I thank thee, O God, for having permitted me successfully to fulfil this act of justice." Upon the paper were inscribed the words, "Deathblow for Augustus von Kotzebue in the name of virtue."

No sooner had he spoken the last words than, tearing open his waistcoat, he repeatedly plunged the weapon into his own bosom, and fell to the ground. He was now, in a swooning condition, conveyed to prison, but as soon as he recovered he tore off his bandages and made the most desperate efforts to put an end to his life. At the trial his handsome person and his calm exaltation excited the utmost sympathy, and he went to the scaffold devoutly believing that he had performed an act of noble self-devotion, and far more pitied by the populace than was his miserable victim.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

M. DUFAURE.

THE veteran M. Dufaure, whose death was lately announced, was remarkable for his success in all his undertakings, for his crusty manner, his lucid intellect, his indifference to all the gauds of life, and for his sustaining power at work, which enabled him to retain for nearly fifty years the best practice at the Paris bar. M. Dufaure's exterior was in perfect correspondence with his disposition and mental faculties. There was something in him of the gnarled, knotty oak. He grew and developed in obedience to some in-born principle, and in utter independence of shifting modes and crowd-leading fashions. To court he often went when there was a king, but nothing could twist the hard-grained jurist into a courtier. And yet in all his life he was never in rebellion against any of the generally accepted conventions of society. His sturdy nature found an element of nutrition in the observation of those unwritten laws which the French call *les mœurs*, and the old English called good manners. M. Dufaure, before old age had bent him, was of middle height and solidly built. His step

was firm and slow; but he was one of those who, if he set out on a walking tour, would cover a long stretch of road each day and be fresh next morning to go on with his peregrinations. In a humble station of life M. Dufaure, although animated by no heroic purpose, would have been a workman after Carlyle's own heart. He was naturally laborious and essentially trustworthy—unless in politics, where he was always ready to take a short turn on colleagues who wanted to fulfil a reforming programme. In all his long life his name was not mixed up in a Bourse scandal or a governmental job. The Bourse did not attract him. His only speculations were in land lots in Paris when it was being Haussmannized. Professional earnings were safely invested, and left to fructify until an opportunity was found to buy land cheap in the Saintogne, his native province. The visage of M. Dufaure was of a rugged outline. It must have been ugly before the severe mental discipline to which his brain was subjected fixed its seal upon it. His physiognomy was more rude and harsh than stern. Sternness is akin to majesty, and M. Dufaure was the homeliest of men. A laborer cast in the same mould that he was would have been a superior sort of churl. "*Le Paysan du Danube*" was the nickname the late M. de Rémusat gave him. "Rather a wild boar out of the woods," said Guizot, "but not come to tear up the vine of constitutional monarchy." And truly there was in Dufaure much of that animal. The horse, the dog, and many another quadruped take in wide horizons, and like to watch what is going forward at a distance. The wild boar, to pursue M. Guizot's simile, goes *terre-à-terre* with nose to the ground seeking for pignuts and toothsome roots. It has a tusk that rends, and is rough and bristly. M. Dufaure's irony was of a kind that rent an adversary; it was cruel, and flowed spontaneously; and yet there was a very soft side to the tough old lawyer. Early habits of strict economy, into which his careful, managing wife entered, survived the acquisition of great wealth; but he was ever ready to break through them to gratify a whim, taste, or passion of any of his three children. When Mme. Dufaure stood in the way of paternal generosity he slipped bundles of banknotes into the hand of the son or daughter wanting money, winked, and then went off saying with his nasal twang, "*Il faut bien que la jeunesse s'amuse un peu.*"

M. Gambetta, in his maiden speech at

the Palais de Justice, was horribly lacerated by the irony of M. Dufaure, who when he saw that he had inflicted bad wounds attempted to pour balm into them. I heard the victim describe his sensations nineteen years after he had experienced them with a graphic force which showed how rankling at the time the wound must have been. In the tribune the effect of M. Dufaure's oratory was at first disagreeable. His nasal twang was unpleasant, and the voice was rude and a little grating. But it carried a long way, and the words were uttered with great distinctness and a deliberate emphasis which was not tedious. The arguments were so powerful and marshalled with such perfect order that in a short time the twang and harshness appeared to give savor to the oration. Ornament was disdained: a lawyer who had by far the most important civil practice at the Paris bar had not time to be ornate, even were he disposed to be rhetorical, which Dufaure was not. He looked upon figures of speech as puerile, and in literature had small taste for verses, which he thought were good to amuse nations in their childhood.

M. Dufaure was a native of the brandy-vine district of the Charente, in which he purchased, bit by bit, an estate bordering for seven miles a straight road. In the long vacation his chief pleasure was to go there, and walk every morning between his breakfast and lunch along the dusty highway to the end of his domain and back again. In these walks he was coarsely shod, wore a blouse to protect himself from dust, a broad-brimmed peasant's hat, and leaned on a knobby stick. The country was prosaic. There was nothing to see unless rolling uplands covered with short, scrubby vines. These vines the old lawyer's eye surveyed lovingly. He had that passion for acquiring land which distinguishes the French peasant—a class from which his father sprang. M. Dufaure received a fairly good education, but was not a brilliant pupil. He studied law in Paris, and his early practice was at the Bordeaux bar. Business at once came to him: he was well noted among the Catholics for his regular attendance at mass, and his liberalism, which was very genuine, pleased the trading community. All his life long M. Dufaure was religious, but he leaned towards Port-Royalism, and was for a national Church held by a slender traditional link to the papacy. The holy town of Saintes chose him for its deputy in 1834, and he long continued to represent it. He soon

made a mark in Parliament, which he entered as steam locomotion was about to supersede the old-fashioned slow coach. He was minister of public works when the first railway bill, on which he had been the reporter, was carried. The railway legislation of Louis Philippe's reign had M. Dufaure for its author. This brought him much more railway business than any other lawyer in France was able to command. His income from fees alone was prodigious from the time he entered the Soult Cabinet to the year of the last invasion. M. Dufaure was the first legislator in Europe and the poorest legislator. He got on himself so easily and took so kindly to hard work that he was not able to conceive how any human creature with a healthy body and sound mind could fail to succeed. His respect for laws, bad, good, and indifferent, prevented him from being a reformer. All he cared for himself was an easy harness. His liberalism for others did not go farther. Of vested rights he was an obstinate protector, even though they were palpable flowers of iniquity. His face was not a heaven-created one. There was no spare room in his brain for speculative theories. Imagination had no lurking corner in his mind, and without that faculty nobody was ever compassionate or tender. M. Dufaure had neither divination nor keen observation in judging a political situation. His range of observation was very narrow, only what he saw he saw well. As a legislator he often made grave errors. His obstinate advocacy in the councils of government at Versailles in favor of implacable repression led to the horrors of the week of May. He would hear of no concession when the insurrection was going on, and was deaf to cries for mercy when it was subdued. In some degree he redeemed the political mistakes of his long career when he was prime minister of MacMahon. The actual Chamber had brought him into office, and he had come to regard the republic as the only guarantee for even the amount of liberty which he required for himself. The veteran lawyer, therefore, quietly devoted what strength remained to him to eliminate Marshal MacMahon from the executive, and to prepare for the election of M. Grévy. The Opportunists wanted M. Dufaure to put himself forward as a candidate. He said that were he elected nothing would be settled, as he at his great age might die from one day to another. His domestic habits also, to which he was wedded, were incompatible

with the social duties which would devolve upon the president of the republic. When M. Grévy, on the morrow of his elevation, asked M. Dufaure to take office he sensibly replied, "A new situation requires a new man." M. Waddington, who was then sent for, was not certainly "new" in the sense attached to the word by M. Dufaure, who since the memorable day on which, amid deafening applause, he ascended the tribune to read Marshal MacMahon's act of resignation, has lived in the closest privacy. In his retirement he thought only of sounding his conscience and the making of his soul. The spiritual adviser who often came to see him endorsed his own estimate of his moral life, which on the whole was a favorable one. M. Dufaure found consolation in his Port-Royal Catholicism. Death did not appear to him clothed in terrors. He said a few days ago that he had in life enjoyed all the happiness he ever desired, and felt no pang at the idea of quitting the world.

From Le Journal des Débats.

THE RETURN OF THE JEWS TO SPAIN.

It is great good fortune and an honor for a government to be able and to know how to repair the acts of injustice and the errors committed by the *régimes* which preceded it. This good fortune and this honor seem reserved for the government of King Alphonso XII.

We announced yesterday (according to the statement of our Madrid correspondent) that the Cabinet Council held on the 17th of June, under the presidency of the king, had occupied itself with a question which may exercise the happiest influence on the development of trade and industry in Spain and the propagation of ideas of toleration in the peninsula.

It is well known that the Jews of Russia, persecuted in that country, have come to the resolution of transporting their homes elsewhere, with the trade, industry, and enterprising and active spirit which have made their fortune, while increasing the wealth of the countries where they settle. They could not hope for a refuge either in Germany or the lower valley of the Danube. Germany, which, like Rome, has for a long time had its Ghettos, and, in particular, its Judenstrasse at Frankfurt, presents to the civilized world the sad spectacle of an anti-Semitic agitation which is far from having

calmed down. Roumania has distinguished itself among all European nations by its hatred of the Jews, which has remained very violent amongst the less enlightened class.

The intervention of Europe was requisite to procure for the victims of popular prejudice civil equality and a beginning of political equality.

Looked upon badly in Germany, de-tested in Roumania, and threatened in Russia, they had to turn to more hospitable nations. They applied to Turkey: they thought of settling in South America: and, lastly, they thought of Spain, access to which was forbidden to them until of late years; and it is possible that fortune, after this long Odyssey of four centuries from one end of Europe to the other, may bring them back to the country which despoiled and proscribed them in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to the country of Torquemada and the Holy Office, to the country where a last pile was lighted in 1825, in the reign of Ferdinand VII., to burn a Jew.

If the Jews think of returning to the country which they enriched by commerce and industry, which they adorned by the cultivation of letters during so many centuries, they have chosen a singularly opportune moment to execute their design. We live, said Molière, under a prince who is an enemy of fraud. We live, the Spaniard might say nowadays, under a prince who is an enemy of violence and fanaticism.

It is not a secret for any one that the young king Alphonso XII. has often deplored the fault committed by his ancestors, that he is possessed with the desire to repair it, and will do all in his power to wipe out this stain. Brought up himself in the hard school of exile, he has been able to learn the history of his country far from it, which is, perhaps, the best

way of knowing it well. He must have read with a shudder the recital of the Spanish historian, Amador de los Rios, who approved of the odious severities of the Holy Office in 1848 against the Jews, and who applauded the edict of proscription of 1492, which drove out seventy thousand families from Spain.

Alphonso XII. has known how to profit by his stay in Paris, and he carried away from amongst us the wish to repair a great injustice. The Jews applied to the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty at Constantinople, asking whether it would be possible for them to return to the peninsula, not individually, which they already have the right to do, but perhaps to the number of sixty thousand. It is a regular migration, which would bring back into the peninsula some of the families who abandoned it at the end of the fifteenth century, plundered and persecuted.

Count Rascon, on receiving the request of the fugitives, hastened to ask instructions from Madrid. On the arrival of the telegram from Constantinople, the young king cried that the gates of Spain were wide open to those whom she still considers as her children. "Scarcely anything happier than this could happen to us," said the king to his ministers. "What a glory for me if I can thus efface the disgrace bequeathed to me by my ancestors! I expect from you that you will do everything in your power to attain this result."

Since the Council on the 17th inst., the king has several times manifested with the same energy his generous intentions with regard to the Jews. . . .

It remains for the ministry to interpret in the most liberal sense Article XI. of the Constitution on religious toleration, and to satisfy the noble intentions of Alphonso XII.

THE WHITE ALLIGATOR. — Writing to the *New York World* from Ca-Manos-Alto, at the foot of the great rapid of the Rio Negro, Brazil, the explorer, Mr. Ernest Morris, says: Over one of the camp fires the crew are roasting with boisterous merriment a live alligator (*Jacaré tinga*), about five feet long. When I asked why they did not kill the animal before roasting, the pilot, who is always the spokesman of the party, answered that it would spoil the meat. The white alligator is highly relished by both whites and Indians. It differs entirely from the *Jacaré assu*, or large alligator, rarely attaining five feet in length, and is dis-

tinguished from the larger species by its pointed nozzle, somewhat rounded tail, whiter color, and its freedom from the *acatinga* (or smell). Though it is found throughout the whole course of the Amazon, it abounds more in clear-watered rivers and creeks. I have often found this alligator in streams of the high hills, miles away from any river or lake, and have frequently seen the skulls and bones in the forest. That it travels far and well on land there can be no doubt; and the Indians say that its eggs are deposited in the forests. The flesh resembles veal in appearance and has a fishy taste.